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No. 4843] THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED NEWSPAPER IN THE ISLE OF THANET Ramsgate 1812 — TUESDAY, 26th AUGUST, 1941 — Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper — [Price Three-Halfpence

FIRST TOWN TO BE BLITZED

Anniversary of Ramsgate's Ordeal

Vivid memories of a year ago recurred to the minds of the people of Ramsgate this week, first anniversary of the German mass murder raid on the town.

Although the raid took place on Saturday, 24th August, 1940, the anniversary date fell on Sunday and it was appropriate that the collections at the local churches on that day should have been in aid of the Lord Mayor of London's National Air Raid Distress Fund.

When the history of the war comes to be written that day will have a prominent place for it was the first blitz on an English town and a prelude to the heavy bombing of London and other important provincial cities and towns.

The Battle of Britain was at its height and the raids on Ramsgate and other towns on the south-east of England are considered to have been an attempt to divert attention while attacks were made on Manston and other aerodromes.

The Luftwaffe, with their vastly superior numbers, hoped to ground the R.A.F. as a prelude to invasion but their plans were foiled by that heroic band of young airmen who were responsible for littering the countryside with the wreckage of German aeroplanes.

THE PRIME MINISTER SEES THE DAMAGE

When the Prime Minister came to Ramsgate a few days after the mass raid to see the damage for himself there was another raid on the town. Mr. Churchill promptly set out to visit a restaurant on which a bomb had dropped, severely wounding the proprietor.

First official news of the scope and ferocity of the raid on Ramsgate was given by the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, after he had visited the town to make an inspection of the damage.

In a message to the Bomber Command, in which he congratulated them on their restraint in bringing home their bombs when weather conditions made it difficult to hit precise military objectives, Mr. Churchill said:

"This is in marked contrast with the wanton cruelty exhibited by the German fliers who, for example, have vented their spite on the defenceless watering place and town of Ramsgate, in which nearly a thousand dwellings and shops, mostly of a modest character, have been wrecked."

The Ministry of Information then permitted it to be known that in three minutes 500 bombs rained down on the town.

Town's Determination.

Although there were a number of casualties and everywhere there were signs of destruction, the Mayor (Alderman A. B. C. Kempe) interpreted the feeling of the people when he said:

"If Hitler thinks that by bombing defenceless women and children and destroying civilian property he is going to intimidate the people of Ramsgate he is mistaken. What the Nazis have done here has made the townspeople more determined than ever to make any sacrifice so long as victory comes."

Many subsequent raids on the town have served only to emphasise the truth of the Mayor's words.

An American View.

The raid brought many distinguished people to Ramsgate, including Mr. R. H. Knickerbocker, famous American journalist, who told readers in the United States that the raid was up to that time the world's worst assault by air.

Mr. Knickerbocker was permitted to state that in spite of the ferocity of the raid the casualties caused were not more than 28 killed and 45 injured. Commenting on the fact that 1,222 houses were damaged, he said "This is the largest number of houses ever destroyed in any single raid anywhere in history.

"It offers proof that air war can, and may, wipe out all material civilisation above ground, but need not result in much loss of life. It supports the belief that before this war is over tens of millions of inhabitants in this part of the world may be living permanently under ground, in probably an extremely low standard, but still carrying on.

"One of the most important lessons of the bombing of Ramsgate lay in the fact that despite the terrific destruction not more than 28 persons were killed and 45 injured, and this because Ramsgate possesses probably what are the best air raid shelters in the world."

Later in the year the Duke of Kent, wearing the uniform of a Marshal of the R.A.F., also visited Ramsgate and made a tour of the badly blitzed areas.

It was during the third raid of the day that the enemy released their rain of heavy high explosive and incendiary bombs on the town. Many modest seaside villas were destroyed and the gas works was among the places which sustained heavy damage.

In the shopping centre a grocery store was destroyed but the fire which broke out was quickly brought under control.

Not satisfied with the destruction to civilian property, the raiders returned to machine-gun the firemen and A.R.P. workers who were dealing with the outbreak at the gas works.

As they crossed the coast the raiders, flying in mass formation, were met by a terrific anti-aircraft barrage and it was later announced that 50 had been brought down during the day.

Like Hell Let Loose.

For a few minutes it was like hell let loose. was a description aptly applied to the raid by those who experienced it.

At the grocery store, which was reduced to ruins, the manager and staff had taken refuge in the firm's underground shelter only a few moments before when a van driver heard the bombs exploding.

Outside a temperance hotel two people, one a van driver, were killed. People rushing to the tunnel shelter when a bomb fell on the gas works were blown down the steps. Two members of the mains staff who were making their way to shelter when a bomb fell in front of them were killed.

Another victim was a one-legged warden, who was crushed by the front of a house under the porch of which he was sheltering. His wife was also killed and it was some days before her body was recovered.

The wife of a newsagent lost her life because she waited to serve a customer before locking up the shop and going to shelter. Close by a retired Corporation employee was killed when the blast of a bomb blew him into the doorway of a public-house.

Mayor and Officials Escape.

The Mayor, Town Clerk and members of the municipal staff came out unhurt from their shelter although the municipal offices above were severely damaged.

The Borough Engineer and seven of his staff, including a young woman, were sheltering in the reinforced basement of a building. They were buried when the building collapsed, but crawled out unharmed.

A husband, wife and three-year-old child were among the victims. They left their home after the second all-clear had been sounded and were near the centre of the town when the alarm was again given. They turned and walked towards their home but were all killed by a bomb before they reached it. Their home was also badly damaged.

Six members of the lifeboat crew were injured when a bomb fell outside a cellar in which they were sheltering. As they were being taken to hospital the roof of a car in which they were being conveyed was hit by machine-gun bullets.

While all branches of the civil defence services, assisted by colleagues from neighbouring towns, were coping efficiently with all the demands made upon them, another raid took place on Manston aerodrome where the Air Ministry stated, considerable damage was done to buildings.

Among the victims killed in the raid were four wardens, a police officer, a member of the A.F.S. and an A.R.P. messenger boy.

Feeding the Homeless.

For some days afterwards the town was without gas and householders possessing kitchen ranges and oil stoves came to the assistance of neighbours who had no means of obtaining a hot meal.

The many families rendered homeless were fed and cared for at the Constitutional Club, which was converted into a communal feeding and rest centre, while arrangements were being made to find other permanent accommodation for them.

First response to an appeal organised by the Mayor for the relief of distress caused by the raid was a cheque for £100 from Lord Nuffield.

Although the morale of the people remained unbroken, there was little light relief to the grim picture presented by the town after the raiders had passed. One touch of humour, however, was provided by the notice board outside the hall in which the Ramsgate Brotherhood held its meetings. The hall was wrecked but the notice, still legible on the poster at the entrance, read "Brother man, don't stand outside and rope for the best. Come inside and [illegible]."

Deeds of Heroism.

Many acts of heroism were performed.

An outstanding deed for which he afterwards received the George Medal was that of Auxiliary Fireman E. H. J. Moore, who received a deep body wound from a bomb splinter while going to report for duty with Auxiliary Fireman H. J. Wells, who was fatally wounded. In spite of fire wounds — three from machine-gun bullets — Moore dragged Wells to a sheltered spot and then staggered 350 yards to a first-aid post to summon help before he collapsed.

For his courage and leadership in dealing with the effects of the enemy attack during that, as well as other raids, when his efforts were largely responsible for the prevention of the spread of serious fires, Chief Officer F. Wain, of the Ramsgate Fire Brigade, was mentioned in despatches.

Two employees of the gas works were commended for gallantry, Mr. Walter Potter, works foreman, attempted to extinguish an outbreak of fire while the raiders were still overhead spraying the streets with machine-gun bullets and averted what might have developed into a bigger blaze. Mr. Harry T. Rose, who was on day and night duty effecting repairs in the gas services which were put out of action for the time being, also helped, with total disregard for personal safety, to extinguish a fire which broke out after another raid.

Two air raid wardens were commended by the Ministry of Home Security for the gallant part they played during the raid. Mr. C. E. Hawker, a full-time warden, although severely injured himself by bomb splinters, succeeded in getting several other people to shelter and remained on duty until the raid was over, when he was removed to hospital. Mr. R. W. Atkins, a part-time warden, who helped to remove a man from a bombed building just before the roof collapsed, afterwards went to the assistance of four more people trapped in two other wrecked houses.

At a meeting of the Town Council in October—the first held after the raid—tribute was paid to the services rendered by all branches of the A.R.P. and A.F.S. personnel and the Mayor, referring to the terrible catastrophe of 24th August added "I am sure every member would wish me to say how proud we are of the wonderful heroism shown upon that occasion. I should like, on behalf of the Council [illegible] for the efficient way in which they performed their duties."

AN UNKNOWN HERO

It happened just a year ago. My own memories are vivid enough but I cannot help wondering—as I have done many times—just what that unknown farm worker thought about it all.

He was, I suppose, roughly half a mile from the spot where I, very close to a shelter, watched the performance. As each fresh wave of enemy bombers roared in to drop their loads and each flight of fighters to spray machine-gun bullets, I dived for shelter.

The unknown hero, however, had no cover, and apparently sought none.

Bombs certainly fell within a few hundred yards of him, bullets and shrapnel must have whistled very close. At times he was almost hidden by the smoke and smother of the battle.

Yet, shaming me and others who continually went to earth, he steadily went about his work. Seated on his reaper and binder, he went up the field, turned, and down again. Nothing, it seemed, could stop him or make him pause.

He was busy with the harvest. Obviously he had no time to waste on "them there German varmints."

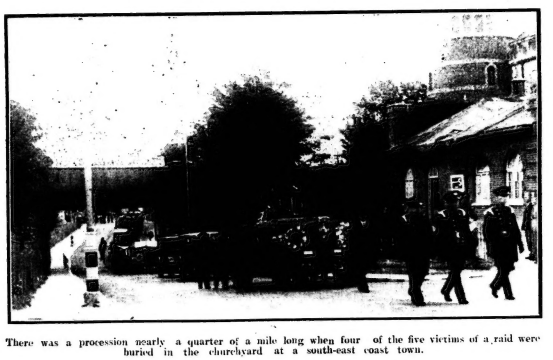
RAMSGATE SOLDIER WOUNDED

Mrs. A. Baverstock, of Queen-street, Ramsgate, has been informed by the War Office that her son, Pte. Charles Baverstock, has been wounded in fighting in the Middle East and is seriously ill.

An old boy of Christ Church School, Pte. Baverstock is 24 years of age. On leaving school he worked for Mr. D. Mynheer, builder and decorator, and later for Mr. F. G. Petve, builder.

He joined the Army when his age group was called up in March last year and was drafted to the Middle East in July.

TOWN HONOURS RAID VICTIMS



There was a procession nearly a quarter of a mile long when four of the fire victims of a raid were buried in the churchyard at a south-east coast town.

An impressive scene in the churchyard. Firemen from all parts of the district stood bareheaded as the bodies of their comrades were lowered into the graves.

LADY FOX ROBBED

UNOCCUPIED HOUSES TEMPT SOLDIERS

A number of complaints of houses at Broadstairs having been broken into and property stolen were mentioned by Inspr. Belsey when two soldiers appeared before the bench at the Cinque Ports police court, Margate, on Monday.

Ptes. Alfred Henry Moore and Ernest Joseph William Randall, both aged 21, pleaded guilty to being concerned together in stealing a small fruit knife, value 1s. 6d., the property of Lady Dorothy Fox, of Corlismore, Western-esplanade, Broadstairs, between 2nd and 9th August.

Inspr. Belsey said on 2nd August Mr. Arthur West, part-time gardener to Lady Fox, visited Corlismore, which was fully furnished but unoccupied, and everything appeared to be in order. On 9th August when D/C Self and D/C Hoff visited the house while investigating other offences in the district, they found it had been forcibly entered. It was not known whether anything had been stolen.

In the course of inquiries Moore and Randall were interviewed and the fruit knife was found in Moore's gas-mask case. Moore admitted going to the house with Randall but both denied that they forcibly entered the house. Inquiries were made to trace soldiers who might have entered the house for no doubt soldiers had been going there frequently. The police were satisfied that Moore and Randall did not break in, but they went in after the house had been forced open. Other articles were missing but had not been traced.

Several Complaints.

There was no reason why soldiers should go to the house, said the inspector. If they found anything wrong with the premises it was their duty to report it to the commanding officer, who in turn should report it to the police. Several complaints of premises being broken into and articles stolen had been received, and it was most difficult to trace the people responsible.

Moore said they went into the house more or less out of curiosity.

The Clerk (Mr. C. C. Maughan): It did not stop at curiosity.

Randall said they had been on guard. When they came off they stood outside the house and decided to walk round the gardens. They saw the back door was open and that wood over the glass had been pulled on one side, so they went in.

Inspr. Belsey said there were no previous convictions against either man. Moore joined the Army in June, 1940, after working as a warehouseman, and Randall was called up as a Territorial in November, 1939, having previously been a fitter's mate. He had served in France and was evacuated from Dunkirk.

Their company captain said both men were very satisfactory, and he thought it was sudden temptation on their part. Neither of them was of the type who would break into a house and steal anything.

Protection From the Military.

Remarking that there were many houses in that area left unoccupied with valuable contents, the officer said many were absolutely unprotected, except for ordinary locks on the doors. In many cases windows were not barred up, and it was extremely difficult to prevent trouble unless a guard was placed on every house.

The Clerk: The public think they can expect protection from the army. The people could not help leaving their things behind. Many of the houses have had to be evacuated.

The officer said some houses were certainly better protected than others.

D/C Self said every window of Corlismore was boarded up. When the glass in the back door was broken by enemy action it was covered with half-inch boarding, and two heavy bolts were fitted inside. The boarding and bolts were broken.

The Clerk: It is rather sad that property should be broken into like that by the military.

The officer: Yes. It reflects very badly on us.

The Clerk: We expect protection from the soldiers, not marauders. Unfortunately such a lot of it is going on.

The chairman (Alderman A. G. Hine), announcing that the men would be fined £1 each, emphasised the serious nature of the offence.

JAMES—SIGGERS

WILTSHIRE WEDDING

Daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Siggers, of Cliftonville, Margate, Miss Lois Helen Siggers was married at Erlestoke Church, Wiltshire, to the Rev. John Emlyn James, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John James, of St. John's Wood, London.

The bridegroom takes up new duties as curate of St. Mark's, Torquay, on 1st September.

The bride, accompanied by her mother, and six months ago, went to Devizes at the outbreak of war to stay with her brother, Dr. C. J. C. Siggers.

Given away by her eldest brother, Lieut.-Col. F. S. Siggers, the bride wore a dress of white satin and carried a shower of pale pink roses. F/O R. G. Siggers, another brother, was best man, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. J. Evans, a personal friend of the bridegroom.

The honeymoon was spent in Wales.

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100 VOLUNTARY COLLECTORS WANTED FOR SATURDAY, AUGUST 30th

Will Volunteers please apply to CLARENDON HOUSE on FRIDAY, AUGUST 29th, between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m., or 2.30 and 5 p.m.

COLONEL CHARLES JAMES BAMBER, M.V.O., deceased

Pursuant to the Trustee Act 1925

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having any claim against the Estate of Charles James Bamber M.V.O. late of Downpatrick in the County of Down Northern Ireland formerly of The Cottage Raise St. Lawrence near Ramsgate in the County of Kent a retired Colonel in the Indian Medical Service, who died on the 9th day of January 1941 and whose Will and Codicil were proved at the Principal Probate Registry at Llandudno on the 14th day of May 1941 by Stanley Harris of 13 Clareville Grove Kensington London S.W.7 Barrister-at-law and Henry Kenyon Daniel of 1 Effingham-street Ramsgate Solicitor two of the Executors named in the said Will, are hereby required to send particulars thereof in writing to the undersigned the Solicitors to the said Executors on or before the 31st day of October 1941 after which date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the said Estate having regard only to the claims then notified.

DATED this 21st day of August 1941.

K. & C. DANIEL

"Foxfield," Lechlade, Glos.

Solicitors to the said Executors.

BLACK-OUT TIMES

To-day	...	8.31 p.m.—5.33 a.m.
Wednesday	...	8.29 p.m.—5.34 a.m.
Thursday	...	8.27 p.m.—5.35 a.m.
Friday	...	8.24 p.m.—5.37 a.m.
Saturday	...	8.22 p.m.—5.38 a.m.
Sunday	...	8.20 p.m.—5.40 a.m.
Monday	...	8.18 p.m.—5.42 a.m.

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12	—	1/-	1/6	2/-	3/3	5/9	9/9	17/3
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18	—	1/6	2/3	3/-	5/-	9/-	15/-	27/-
21	—	1/9	2/9	3/6	6/-	11/-	18/-	33/-
24	—	2/-	3/-	4/-	7/-	13/-	21/-	39/-
27	—	2/3	3/6	4/6	8/-	15/-	24/-	45/-
30	—	2/6	3/9	5/-	9/-	17/-	27/-	51/-
36	—	3/-	4/6	6/-	11/-	18/-	33/-	54/-

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COMPANION-HELP, comfortable home, live with family of two; small wages, domestic kept; apply, stating age, references, &c., &c.—Write, Box 646, "Advertiser" Office, Ramsgate. 44

BARMAID wanted, evenings only.—Apply, Duke of Kent, Ramsgate. 48

YOUNG Lady Assistant required.—Apply, Dawson's Library, 44 Queen's-road, Broadstairs. †43

SMART Lad wanted, age 16-17, to assist in shop.—Darbys, 67 High-street, Ramsgate. 47

WOMEN URGENTLY REQUIRED for employment as Restaurant Manageresses, Cooks, Counter Assistants, General Assistants or Kitchen Assistants in Army and Air Force Canteens on work which is classified as of National Importance, and is a reserved occupation, situated in Kent, Surrey, Sussex and Hants; good wages with free board and lodging (or, if not available, a cash allowance in lieu of board lodging), also free indoor and outdoor uniform; applicants must be between 18 and 50 years of age; interviews can be arranged in all principal towns in these counties.—Apply, stating whether Mrs. or Miss, to N.A.A.F.I. (Dept. S), 55 West-street, Reigate, Surrey. +46

MEN URGENTLY REQUIRED for employment as Restaurant Managers, Cooks, Counter Assistants, General Assistants or Kitchen Assistants in Army and Air Force Canteens, situated in Kent, Surrey, Sussex and Hants; good wages with free board and lodging (or, if not available, a cash allowance in lieu of board lodging); applicants must be under 60 years of age; interviews can be arranged in all principal towns in these counties.—Apply to N.A.A.F.I. (Dept. S), 55 West-street, Reigate, Surrey. +46

YOUNG Ladies (over 18) for station buffets. — Apply, Manageress, Ramsgate Station Buffet. 44

WANTED TO PURCHASE

ELECTRIC Washer, Vacuum Cleaner and Refrigerator wanted.—Mitchell, 144 Trinity-road, Tooting. 47

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One Penny per word: 3 insertions for 2d. per word.

GOOSEBERRIES, ripe. Plums. Apples and Red Currants for sale. —Phone 278 Minster (Ramsgate). 43

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FURNITURE Storage; large dry rooms, central, 2/6 weekly.—Write, Box 22, Pain, Stationer, Ramsgate. 46

HARDINGS Removal Service for removals to all parts by modern motor van; loads and part-loads required every day to and from London area; furniture warehoused for any period; estimates free; compare our charges with those of others.—Send postcard or call, Hardings, Removers and Storers, Staffordshire-street, Turner-street, Ramsgate. 'Phone 200.

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FLATS to let, superior neighbourhood; two bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen, bathroom; gas, electric; 15/6 and 17/6.—Warren, Auctioneer, Ramsgate. †54

UNFURNISHED House, near shelter entrance; 11/6 inclusive; central.—Warren, High-street, Ramsgate. 43

FURNISHED Flat, self-contained; bath.—16 Guildford-lawn, Ramsgate. 43

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MOTOR Insurance.—Lloyds Policy 40 per cent. no claim bonus; immediate cover.—Adams, 36 Stanley-road, Broadstairs. 77

POULTRY

LAYING Hens, 8/- each.—28 Staffordshire-street, Ramsgate. 46

DINGHY VIEW OF AIR COMBAT

Wearing a steel helmet, a fighter pilot recently had what he called "a dinghy view" of an air combat.

He had been shot down in the Channel, and baled out. As he struck the water, his one-man dinghy inflated, and he climbed into it, little the worse. Half an hour later, a high-speed R.A.F. rescue launch dashed alongside.

He was about to clamber up on deck, with the help of the crew when the "action stations" signal went on the launch. An enemy fighter was approaching. The pilot, unable to gain the deck without assistance, remained bobbing in his dinghy, while the crew of the launch manned their guns.

One of the crew threw him a steel helmet which he promptly put on.

The enemy fighter was about to attack the launch when it was engaged by a Spitfire. For some moments the battle raged above the launch. Then the two aircraft, still scrapping, flew out of sight, and the pilot was helped aboard still wearing his tin hat.

OUR COMPLETE SHORT STORY

WAGES OF VIRTUE

By Wm. MAXWELL MOORE

"What you want, my dear sir, is to cultivate some interesting hobby."

Thus any doctor to any man who has struck the retiring age at home, overseas, anywhere in the world, and (if we are to believe what we often enough hear) instead of welcoming the accession of unlimited leisure, has learned to dread the snap that on a sudden breaks the thread of his life's work.

Possibly it is a species of desperate decision to take up any kind of new interest as guard against boredom that accounts for the odd hobbies that men now and then do go in for. There certainly seems little relation between them and the particular man's discarded vocation.

Take the case of the once-great scientist at grass who essayed to fill the new vacant places in his mind by collecting wax dolls, with the result that a precise and driving brain put such thoroughness into the business that his accumulation finally found a home in a famous museum.

Or take the case of Bartholomew Stone. He was a tall, thin, wiry, self-contained man whose cold eye and aloof aspect weren't wholly hidden by the glasses which advanced middle-age on occasion called upon him to wear. He was a person, further, whose earlier life had been so strangely adventurous as to have brought him acquaintance with some of the most extraordinary folk in the most extraordinary places between the Equator and the Cape of Good Hope.

This distinctly unusual man had a distinctly unusual hobby.

In actual calling nowadays he was a settler, and for a number of years latterly had been owner of the farm "Honiton," in the Victoria district of Southern Rhodesia, a neighbourhood which in spite of a still rather questionable name for health had for him two biggish points in its favour.

It was a good and well-watered soil. It was likewise close to what for those of a certain bent of mind is the most fascinating spot in the whole of wide South Africa itself. That spot is the ancient and equally mysterious set of ruins known as Great Zimbabwe.

"Zimbabwe" is the simple native word which means just the "big building." But the European, with history at his back (though it has not taught him much definite on the point), has rival schools of thought about this gigantic riddle in stone built centuries ago by unknown hands in the heart of one of the Continent's richest gold districts, and by them again abandoned, with every outward sign of panic, to the sun and the silence.

Some say they are merely the remains of some barbaric fort; others (and their voices have, if anything, tended to gain ground through the gathering of slow but tangible evidence) swear the place is nothing less than Solomon's lost Ophir itself.

Stone's idea, however, did not quite run on those lines. "The Fendon Collection." That was the phrase which as a result of certain occasions had gradually but firmly formed in his mind. And these occasions occurred when, the collector's mood on him, he would unlock the glass cabinet in his small bungalow-homestead and lovingly caress the contents.

Treasured Collection.

It was exercising its unbreakable charm on him now for a brief space, when with window jalousie open just enough to admit the late night's cooling breeze, and lamp at shoulder, he handled the treasure, each item of which he had patiently unearthed himself.

With deft touch of strong fingers one by one he once again raised the half-dozen or so items to the lamplight's dull gleam. There was the trio of small vessels in the strange ram's horn shape of sacred tradition, and there the spoon and moulder that so clearly had formed them, the stamped bar of precious metal exactly corresponding to the Biblical measure. There were the heavy pair of bracelets with some elaborate designs for some slim royal wrist. And, perhaps most striking of all, there was the rough coin with the kingly Semitic features so clearly impressed upon it.

On a sudden he closed the cabinet, and returning to the world of every day from which he had sought a moment's release and relief, with a sigh crossed the passage to the modest homestead's other living apartment, the bedroom.

"Bart . . . Is that you?"

The voice came from the bed, and with a weakness that shook the bleak-looking man.

"Awake, my treasure?" said he tenderly. "How do you feel now?"

"Oh, worse, worse," came the voice in a faint whisper. "There's a pain—a frightful pain—in my side now. I do feel so awful."

The statement was hardly needed; the forehead glistening in great sweat-drops, told its own tale. But, far more ominous to anyone familiar with the sickness of that land, the face in the brief interval since he had last seen it had turned from grey to the hue of pale khaki.

Without a word, Stone reached for the thermometer again, then inspected it from between dry lips.

"Wait a minute—you must have another hot drink and something besides to make you more comfortable," and with an effort steadied himself and stole from the room.

Chill certitude at his heart now, he made for the shortest route to kitchen and stove—the back door of the living-room from which they were approached.

But barely had he taken a step when an odd sound reached his ears. It came from straight ahead. Striding to the room's threshold, he struck a match.

The Intruder.

It showed him, framed against starlight of the now wide-open window-shutter, a man's forearm bent towards his cabinet. Then the wind doused his frail light—and an instant later he stood in the glare of a hand torch, his eyes staring down a pistol barrel.

The pistol holder spoke with promptness.

"Gold interests me, like you," said he. "The key of this cabinet, and no noise, or you're dead."

To the intruder's amazement, Stone's face broke into a bright smile, his first for that long day.

"Here!" he cried, hand in pocket. "Take it, man. Take anything you want—and thank God you've come!"

"Eh?" said the man. "What's the little game? What's the gay idea?"

"The idea is that you're a man, which is all that matters at the moment to me," returned Bartholomew Stone, "for the simple reason that I've got a man's job for you to do. Listen," he continued between breaths —"in there is my wife, who's been in delicate health—and on top of it she's just developed blackwater fever. No need to waste time telling you what that means. It means that if I leave her now for a single moment it may prove fatal, and if I don't get the right help in the very quickest time she'll surely die.

"My houseboy went sick yesterday, and we're alone. What you've got to do is just this: Slip right across to Dr. Brane's at Victoria and tell him you're a friend of mine that I've asked to come for him at once. At once, mind! It's less than half-an-hour on foot, and he can make the run back in his car in a matter of minutes. Quick, man! She's all I've got in this world!"

But the intruder merely stared at him. "Come off it!" he muttered.

"Lord!" cried Stone. "Here—come and look for yourself!" and, regardless of the weapon, seized the other's sleeve.

Under the passion of the words and gesture the man's expression slowly changed. "All right, all right. I believe you," he replied. "But I don't know the way. You see, I'm from Sal——" he checked himself—"Anyway, honest I don't."

Stone marked each word closely; swept them aside. "It's dead simple. You can't miss it, I tell you. Take the main road at the edge of my lands here. Then loft and straight on, and Brane's place is the very first you come to in Victoria."

He was interrupted by a moan from the neighbouring room.

"Hear that?" he cried. "I must get to her. You've got my keys. Take what you like—settle it for yourself—but be off! I tell you every moment counts now."

And hardly waiting for the other's final assent, he dashed through to busy himself with scalding drink and boiling water bag as first defences against his deadly foe's swiftness.

Just Reward.

"You didn't send for me a second too soon," said Doctor "Phil" Brane. "Sharp attack, even apart from a patient in a weak state."

The gravity of accent was not lost on Stone.

"But you reckon we'll pull her through all right now, Doc?" questioned he.

"As I've said, you got me in the very nick of time," answered Brane.

Then suddenly the doctor departed from a habit: something was on his own mind and he wanted to get it off.

"By the way, there's one thing that rather puzzles me," said he casually as he lit a cigarette—he felt he had earned it now that his patient had at last sunk into easy sleep. "Who was that friend of yours that came across? I've never seen him before—or since."

Stone looked thoughtful; peculiarly so; the kind of look you could almost imagine on a man when he is in the witness-box.

"Oh, him?" he said at length. "He was a friend of mine all right, but he just happened to look in on me when passing."

"I see," said the doctor. "Rather rum call hours, hasn't he?"

"But convenient," replied Stone in measured accents. "Very convenient."

"Yes, by jove!" agreed the doctor; "and he certainly proved his friendship."

Stone paused again before replying. "He did," said he. "And I think I may say I've shown my appreciation in rewarding him. I'd never be happy without settling fairly with a man for a thing like that."

But there are, of course, at least two ways of looking at a reward: that of the bestower, and that of the recipient. And they don't always coincide, at least at first—a truism well illustrated in the course of an interview that happened to take place elsewhere rather later.

To be precise, it occurred between the nocturnal visitor to "Honiton" and the owner of a particular kind of establishment in Salisbury, the capital. The establishment, by the way, though situated in a somewhat obscure, even shy neighbourhood, is known in circles of the very highest respectability and lawful ways.

To be more precise, it was situated four streets or so from Monica-road, and close to where the old Imperial Hotel used to do a sunrise-to-sunset business over its bar. Natives lounged under pepper trees watching the stamping horses of white masters detained within the Imperial, and old Sam of Mount Lebanon, the jeweller hard by the half-finished cathedral, would from time to time direct a sharp glance across the road towards the tranquil scene. His interest was not in the natives or the white men within the bar, nor yet in horse flesh, but in the type of their saddles. In the bright sunlight it was easy to discern whether or not among the equipment was the glint of brass bosses which told of the presence of a member of the police.

Sam had just taken such a look now, breaking off some opening remarks to a visitor in order to do so.

"Wot? You—you can't give me nothing for 'em? Why, you old fool, this 'ere stuff's the absolute goods for the metal, man alive. Don't ye know ye can search the world and never find gold of a quality to beat it? And look at the size and weight. Lumme, I thought you knew yer business! What's ailing you? What the blazes d'you mean?"

The voice was the visitor's, and at such a pitch that it almost carried the dividing partition from the back to the front and more public part of the premises.

But the other man refused to join in the tone.

"I didn't say I'd give you just nothing for them," replied he who was the owner of the place. His voice was low, but his desire for emphasis in his own way was so urgent that both hands were in the air at once; in one he clutched certain curious objects of precious metal; in the other a document in the form of a telegram. "That's not my orders. I'll give you what I'm ordered to give you for these if you brought them to me, which anyone who knows me and the like of you would know you would —and that's your freedom!"

"Me—me wot?" cried the visitor.

"Your freedom, I'm telling you," answered the proprietor. "And," he added, while a sudden bead of perspiration trickled from forehead to nose, "let me tell you, too, your luck's well in this journey, you darned fool, for next time you've a fancy for doing a job where there isn't a crowd watching, don't choose the home of the retired chief of our C.I.D.!"

[The End.]

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.

Winter Gardens Hit

DAMAGE AT FAMOUS CONCERT HALL

Twice during the past year, it can now be revealed, damage has been sustained by Margate Winter Gardens, a building where many famous concert artistes have appeared and important national conferences have been held.

On the first occasion a large number of windows were shattered by the explosion of a sea mine but the main structure was unharmed.

When bombs crashed through the roof during a recent air raid, however, the damage was more extensive.

The east balcony was completely destroyed, while the roof and floor of the stage were damaged, the ornamental work round the ceiling of the building was shattered, and almost every window broken.

The roof of the main hall and the western annexe, including the Prince's Room, sustained only superficial damage.

WALKED 400 MILES

DODGED NAZIS FOR SIX WEEKS

How nine men walked 400 miles in six weeks in an attempt to escape from the Germans is described in a letter to his parents from Pte. Reginald Bradley, The Buffs, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bradley, of Belmont-road, Westgate, who is a prisoner of war.

"We went into action near Arras," says Pte. Bradley, "and got cut up. I found myself in a wood with the R.A.M.C. When it got dark we decided to walk for it so nine of us (seven R.A.M.C. and two Buffs) got together and we were walking six weeks before we were caught. We must have covered well over 400 miles. We reached the coast twice and were captured at Le Treport on 20th June. That is why you didn't hear from me for so long. We did our best to get home, but just couldn't make it."

RAMSGATE SAVES MORE

Since the summer campaign was launched Ramsgate's war savings have increased appreciably and the amount invested in July was £3,191 more than in June.

The July savings aggregated £9,181, of which £5,323 was represented by deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank, compared with £4,259 in June, and £3,858 by the sale of Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, etc., compared with £1,731 in June.

50 YEARS AGO
(CUTTINGS FROM OUR COLUMNS)

SHADES OF DICKENS

We are asked to give publicity to the following. A laundress, residing at St. Lawrence, on Friday week lost two of her girls, who had gone on the sands to play but had not since returned. She has informed the police and called at the police station each night. She has also searched at Broadstairs and has been to the Workhouse at Minster. The oldest girl, Edith, is ten years of age, and the younger, Ada, who cannot speak quite plain, is eight. It was stated that a neighbour had seen the children with an old woman and a cripple who were selling matches.

MUSIC BUT NO BANDSTAND

Ramsgate Town Band has never been so popular as it ought to have been. The causes for this state of things have been various. If the band had been entirely independent of the obnoxious collecting shell, quite a different feeling might have been aroused. As it is people very often pay their voluntary contributions with a very wry face, and consequently do not appreciate the really good music provided for them as they might otherwise have done. In all justice to the band, however, it must be admitted that they are this year in a most efficient state, and the music played is often fresh and up-to-date. A "Professor of Music" writes to ask us how it is that there is no bandstand in Ramsgate, when there ought to be at least two. Margate has several yet neither of the bands there is as good as the Ramsgate Town Band.

A YEAR AGO

Mrs. Hawthorne and her two young children, Athalie and Frances, of Elmwood, Reading Street, Broadstairs, were among the survivors of a 5,000-ton freighter torpedoed in the Atlantic. They were on their way to Bermuda for the duration of the war.

* * * *

The Air Ministry has sanctioned the proposal of the Mayor of a south-east coast town to open a subscription fund with a view to presenting a permanent expression of gratitude to the widow of F/O Dennis N. Grice, R.A.F., who sacrificed his life to save the town when his machine caught fire. He manœuvred the blazing machine over the housetops into the sea.

* * * *

One of Ramsgate's youngest flyers, Sergt.-Obsr. Roy Desmond Edward Clarke, son of Mr. R. Clarke, Ramsgate Parks and Gardens Superintendent, was reported missing. An old boy of Chatham House School, he had made many flights over Germany, and his death in bombing operations over Germany was later confirmed.

* * * *

After being without sleep for 40 hours, the crew of a lightship off the south-east coast, bombed unmercifully by German planes, were brought ashore for a few hours' rest before going back to their lonely vigil.

* * * *

The urgent claims of the coastal towns affected by war conditions to immediate assistance have been placed before Capt. H. H. Balfour, M.C., M.P. for Thanet, in a letter from Ramsgate Chamber of Commerce.

* * * *

A communiqué issued by the German High Command claimed that Manston was among the R.A.F. aerodromes bombed and machine-gunned on Tuesday and that shipyards at Faversham had also been attacked and damaged.

25 YEARS AGO
(CUTTINGS FROM OUR COLUMNS)

THE WAR OF 1914-18

Six hostile airships raided the east and south-east coasts of England last night at intervals between midnight and 3 a.m. One airship made her way westward well inland. The remainder carried out short inroads over the coast. The number of bombs dropped by the raiders is as yet uncertain. The damage effected by the raid is slight.

* * * *

The Mayor of Ramsgate has once again performed a very useful service to the town by calling attention to the welcome the municipality is prepared to offer visitors. The war has temporarily robbed the town of a great deal of its popularity among visitors and the Mayor's attempt to reassure holidaymakers that they can spend as pleasant a time in the town as usual may do something towards securing an autumn season that will compare to some extent with those in years of peace. The number of visitors in the town at the present time is only 10,000, compared with about 60,000 in normal years.

* * * *

The definite statement of Mr. Lloyd George that more men are urgently required does not permit the local tribunals to slacken in the slightest degree in finding all the men available for the reinforcement the Army needs. It is not a pleasant duty for local men to have to decide whether they will take a neighbour from his business if there is a certainty that the business will have to come to a standstill. There is a more important duty, however, but the dividing line in some cases is not too clearly defined. The members of the tribunal on the whole are doing their work fairly and sympathetically.

* * * *

The resignation of Mr. R. H. Ruthven, assistant engineer of the Ramsgate Corporation Gas and Water Undertaking, upon his appointment to the post of engineer and manager of the Morecambe Gas Works, was reported at a meeting of the Gas and Water Committee on Friday.

* * * *

The majority of the members of Ramsgate Fire Brigade were overcome on Sunday by the fumes of ammonia gas as a result of a remarkable accident at the works of the Pure Ice Co. A big escape of ammonia was caused by the bursting of a valve and members of the fire brigade quickly set to work with smoke helmets and respirators in an attempt to shut down the valve. Time and again they were defeated and several of the firemen whose respirators were penetrated by the overpowering fumes were completely overcome and had to be carried away by their comrades, assisted by the police.

* * * *

Sergt.-Major E. W. Ralph, The Buffs, whose home is at Church-road, Ramsgate, has been awarded the Military Cross. The official notice states that the decoration was awarded for "conspicuous and consistent gallantry and good work until he was severely wounded, losing his right leg and some toes off his left foot."

* * * *

The yearly cricket match between teams of ladies and gentlemen was played at Broadstairs on Saturday on the Selwyn House ground. The game was full of humorous incidents, which nevertheless did not detract from the quality of the play. The gentlemen, who batted left-handed, scored 134, and the ladies 144.

* * * *

Messrs. Tomson and Wotton were advertising their light bitter ale at 6s. per 4½ gallons—2d. per pint.

HOW A PILOT WAS SAVED

"The Lifeboat Service and the War," an illustrated souvenir book published by the R.N.L.I. describes, in addition to the Dunkirk epic, the part played by the lifeboats in rescuing airmen brought down during the Battle of Britain.

A typical case quoted, in which the Margate lifeboat was concerned, reads:

"Just before midnight on 10th August, 1940, the officer in charge of troops on the jetty informed the coxswain that he could hear calls for help from the water. The night was very dark. An air raid was in progress and bombs were falling. The coxswain at once mustered his crew and launched. Half a mile from the shore he picked up a British pilot who was being kept afloat by his lifebelt. As he was nearing collapse he was given rum and every attention."

A TOWN IN MOURNING

IMPRESSIVE SCENES AT FIREMEN'S FUNERAL

The streets of a south-east coast town, which in times of peace would have been thronged with happy, carefree holiday crowds, were on Thursday lined by quiet people, many in mourning, as the coffins bearing the bodies of the Chief Officer and three members of the fire brigade, killed in a raid on Saturday, were carried to their last resting place.

Although the service, and the procession through the town which preceded it, were accompanied by the honours due to men who lost their lives in the service of their country, it was at the same time as simple as the relatives wished.

The four coffins were carried on fire engines, the scarlet of which blended with the softer shades of the profusion of late summer flowers forming the wreaths carried on the tenders, running boards and wings.

The silver helmet of the Chief Officer gleamed bright as it lay on top of the coffin, together with his axe. Caps, webbing belts and axes also rested on the other coffins, each of which was draped with the Union Jack.

The Long Cortege.

The procession, which travelled over a mile through the town to the cemetery, passing close to the battle-scarred buildings near which the men lost their lives, was headed by the Inspector and representatives of the local and neighbouring police forces. Then came representatives of the local fire brigade and A.F.S. and regular and auxiliary firemen from towns as far as 20 miles away.

Each hearse was followed by private cars bearing the family mourners, a number of whom, both men and women, were in service uniform.

Following the four hearses there walked the chairman, members and officials of the local council, representatives of the casualty services, report and control centre staff, wardens' service, messenger service, rescue party, road repair, water main repair and decontamination services.

At a service in the church adjoining the cemetery, where the four coffins reposed in the centre aisle, the 23rd psalm was rendered and the congregation joined with the choir in singing the hymns "Ye servants of the Lord" and "O God, our help in ages past." The Dead March in Saul was played by the organist as the mourners filed out to the churchyard.

Here a large number of local people had gathered to pay their last tribute to four of their townsmen. It was an impressive scene.

First the coffin of Chief Officer Bates was lowered into the grave by eight men who had served under him, and the committal sentences were read by the clergy

Last Salute.

As they were passing to the next grave, visiting chief officers and the members of the local brigade approached the head of the grave singly, stood to attention, saluted, turned smartly to the left and followed to pay a similar tribute at each of the other graves.

The Worshipful Master and brethren of the local lodge of Freemasons dropped sprigs of acacia into the grave of the Chief Officer.

After all four coffins had been lowered and the last rites performed, the large congregation of men and women passed quietly from the cemetery.

Outside the churchyard gates firemen were lifting from the fire tenders the wreaths for the graves of their fallen comrades.

The mourners at the Chief Officer's funeral were the widow, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. C. Bates (son and daughter-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. R. Bates (son and daughter-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bates (son and daughter-in-law), and Mr. F. Bates (brother).

Those following the coffin of Sub-Officer Spice were the widow, Mrs. Riglesford (mother-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. Barber, Mrs. D. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Moore (brother-in-law and sister), Mrs. A. Silver (sister), Mrs. M. Cole (sister), and Mr. K. May.

Mourners for Auxiliary Fireman Hammond were the widow, Mr. P. Hammond (brother), Miss Maud Hammond (sister), Sergt. E. Goddard, Miss L. Goddard, and Mrs. Stephens.

The widow, Mrs. A. Pemble (mother), Mrs. Metcalf (mother-in-law) and other relatives attended the funeral of Fireman Pemble.

Fifth Funeral.

The funeral of Fireman F. White, who died from his injuries two days after the raid, took place at the same cemetery on Friday and was preceded by a service at a Baptist church.

Members of the A.F.S. acted as pall bearers and chief officers of fire brigades preceded the cortege.

The family mourners were the widow, Mr. and Mrs. White (mother and father), Mr. and Mrs. Bayford, Miss White, Mr. and Mrs. Dale, Mr. Johnson, Mr. H. Smith, and Mr. B. White.

Owing to the circumstances in which they met their death we regret it is not permissible to publish a detailed list of the many beautiful floral tributes, which included a large number from public bodies and fire brigades throughout the south-east area, as well as from relatives and friends.

MARGATE COLLEGE BOY'S BEQUESTS

A bequest of £50 to provide an annual prize for the half-mile race at Margate College sports, and £20 to the Old Margatonians Football Club was made by Sergt.-Pilot Frederick Rose, R.A.F., an old boy of the college, who died on war service last October.

Sergt.-Pilot Rose also left £250 to his wife for a trip to the Pyramids and a new outfit of clothes, and "if I am killed flying, £20 to pay for a cheerful celebration by members of the Redhill section R.A.F.V.R."

MISSING MAN WRITES HOME

Posted missing in April, Dvr. Horace (Ernie) Taylor, Royal Armoured Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Effingham-street, Ramsgate, is now reported to be a prisoner of war in Germany.

In a postcard sent from Prisoner of War Camp Stalag XVIII, Dvr. Taylor says he is in good health.

Dvr. Taylor attended Christ Church School and afterwards was employed at the A & B Garages, Grange-road. Before the outbreak of war he was engaged as a private chauffeur.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor have three other sons serving in H.M. Forces.

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THE END OF A DRIFTER

A ROMANCE AND DRAMA OF THE SEA

I had loved Her always. For many months She was part of my daily life, although I never saw Her. I learned she was old, not beautiful, not even very clean, but to me She was Romance; and She bore a lovely name.

It was during the years of war, and both She and I were serving in His Majesty's Forces. Daily, sometimes hourly, for six long months, I sent Her messages, or issued Her instructions regarding the work She did so well and worthily (I being merely the mouthpiece of a superior Power).

Then Fate removed the raison d'etre of Her particular activities, and gave Her other interests. At the same time, in the exigencies of the Service, I, too, was moved. But still we kept in close association, She and I, and now, instead of giving Her orders, I nursed Her, attending to Her comfort, outfitting Her, helping to keep Her clean, and noting, with a relentless pen, Her deficiencies and sins. (Always, be it understood, I was an instrument in the hand of Authority.)

I had no right in Her, but I had much intimate knowledge, and She was dear to me, though still I did not see Her.

For another nine months I heard much of Her; daily Her romantic name was spoken, in varying terms of praise or blame, and many times I wrote it, to Her detriment or credit. Once, far off, I glimpsed Her, flaunting Her dark figure in the summer sunshine, outlined against blue sea and sky . . . just once; and yet once more, when, broken and disgraced, She crept home, never again to toss Her proud head in summer sun or winter storm . . . for, one dark night, forgetful of Her regal dignity, and yielding Herself to the importunities of man, She veered from Her set course and met disaster, to Her shame and desolation.

The Dethroned Queen.

I saw Her then, and pitied Her, but She caused me so much more work and worry at this time that I had no leisure for vain grief . . . and I loved Her; She was Queen still, even though She could no longer reign.

So began a different care for Her, contingent upon Her fall; with pen still relentlessly truthful, but as gentle as I dared use, I wrote Her indictment noting Her damage, listing Her defects, Her loss, and to the eye of Authority I endeavoured to draw a kindly veil over Her more dreadful devastation; and so on, for yet three months more.

Then came a lull, and for a little while I, busy with other duties, had no part in Her life . . . if life it may be called, for She lay idle, derelict, moribund, an object of contumely, of pity, naked to the vulgar gaze, Her most intimate secrets laid bare to the cold, impartial, judicial eye of stern Authority, awaiting Her sentence, what time they deliberated their verdict. I grieved for Her, lying lonely, helpless, forsaken, Her name a byword spoken daily in my pained hearing for yet another month.

At last the fiat went forth. She was condemned, dismissed His Majesty's Service, to be sold for breaking up. Anything of Hers that was of value, and could serve useful purpose, was taken from Her and given to Her lesser sisters; but the brave, strong body which had served so well could have now but one end . . .

And so the matter rested, and although upon rare occasions I heard Her name, I had no further dealings with Her, nor did I see Her, ever again.

Her Funeral Pyre.

Once more my work moved me, this time to entirely different duties where She and Her sisters could trouble me no more; indeed, I became, save that I was still in His Majesty's Service, almost civilian in my particular activities. But that, as Kipling says, "is another story," and is merely mentioned in passing simply because the domestic side of my new responsibilities caused me to indent for firewood for use in boilers. This may sound ridiculous, but, so strange is the scheme of things, that it was this that brought my old Love back to me.

She, who had ridden gaily the blue waters beneath the blue skies of summer, or tossed madly in the grey waves under a grey winter sky, now lay upon the cold grey stones of the pier where She had been wont to moor so proudly, Her bunting tossing in the breeze . . . just a heap of broken timber, "awaiting disposal," still subjected to the wind and the spray, the sun and the rain. And to me, "for use in boilers," came a load of old wood . . . the last of my Love. And yet, the last . . . ? Surely, no; She is dead, but even in death She serves still, and Her end is glorious.

Would that all we who serve dare boast as much. She will afford warmth and comfort to many who are enduring the rigours of the sea as once she endured, and Her own timbers shall make Her funeral pyre—a fitting burial for a Queen—and the hissing of the flames shall sing her requiem.

I always loved Her; my little dusky old Ship, auxiliary vessel to the Royal Navy, His Majesty's Drifter "——."

M.E.G.

THE BOY LEAVES

As the boy had since been sent away, Margate magistrates on Wednesday dismissed the summons against Mrs. Mabel Sayer, of Hillbrow-terrace, Birchington, for failing to obey an instruction from the local authority to send the child away within seven days.

The boy's father at first refused to send the child, who had returned from a reception area, away again unless there was compulsory evacuation.

WOUNDED BUFFS

Buffs reported in a War Office casualty list to have been wounded are L/Corpl. J. J. Revelle, L/Corpl. J. Buss, Ptes. M. Field, C. Harris, K. A. Rickard and J. V. Shelton.

The name of Pte. R. J. Stringer has been deleted from the list of prisoners of war.

THE MAGISTRATES' CLERK

FUNERAL OF MR. J. THORN DRURY

The funeral took place at St. Stephen's, Canterbury, last week, of Mr. J. Thorn Drury, who was for 33 years clerk to the Ramsgate borough and county magistrates.

Among those present were representatives of the legal profession from all parts of Kent.

Members of Ramsgate Borough Police Force, under Inspr. Swendell, acted as bearers.

In addition to the widow and family mourners those present at the service included Councillor Mrs. F. Dunn and Messrs. H. J. Perry and G. J. Fells (representing the Ramsgate Borough Justices), Miss R. Weigall, O.B.E., and Mr. H. A. Smith (Ramsgate County Justices), Mr. H. G. Curtis (Town Clerk of Ramsgate, Mr. S. F. Butler (Chief Constable), and Chief Inspr. Butcher and members of the Ramsgate Borough Police Force, Inspr. L. P. Belsey and members of the Kent County Constabulary stationed at Broadstairs, Mr. J. H. Robinson, Mr. E. C. Allfree, Mr. E. W. Marchant, Mr. E. A. Knight (assistant clerk to the Ramsgate Borough and County Justices), Mr. Sidney W. Smith, Mr. A. K. Mowll (Canterbury), Mr. F. M. Furley (Registrar of the Ramsgate County Court), Mr. S. Dadds and Mr. F. Amos, J.P.

County Justices' Tribute.

Further tributes to Mr. Drury were paid when the Ramsgate County bench met on Tuesday.

The chairman (Capt. A. C. Hatfeild) said everyone who came into contact with Mr. Thorn Drury could not fail to be impressed by his quiet unassuming character, his courtesy and his unfailing kindliness and good nature at all times. In that court he had often shown his legal skill and behind the scenes he displayed a very deep and sympathetic understanding of the faults and weaknesses of human nature.

It was typical of him, said Capt. Hatfeild, that when the bench retired for discussion, apart from making clear any legal aspects of the case, he never gave advice to the magistrates as to how the case should be dealt with unless asked to do so.

"I am sure," said Capt. Hatfeild, "there are many who feel as we do, that we have lost, not only an efficient public servant, but one who was a real friend to all men."

Mr. J. H. Robinson and Inspr. L. P. Belsey, K.C.C., added further tributes, and the court stood as a mark of respect.

MARGATE IS PROUD OF THEM

POLICEMEN PILOTS' SEND-OFF

Members of Margate Borough Police Force were joined by special constabulary at a farewell supper which was given at the Saracen's Head Hotel to members of the force who have been accepted for training as pilots and observers with the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve.

Six of the accepted officers present were P/Cs F. Barnes, J. Cornhill, M. Turner, W. Verralls, L. Adlington, and F. Bremner. P/C W. Holman is already with the R.A.F. and P/C V. Taylor, who was married a few days before, was unable to return in time for the supper.

The toast of the Borough Police Force was proposed by Sergt. Livick, of the special constabulary, and responded to by Chief Inspr. H. B. Fleet.

Proposing the health of the men who were joining the R.A.F., the Chief Constable (Mr. W. Palmer) said their colleagues were proud of them, as also were the citizens of Margate. They were all useful members of the force and would be missed. He wished them Godspeed and a safe return.

Responding, P/C Jack Cornhill said they had spent a happy time with the force and were looking forward to an early return.

DRAMA AND ROMANCE

HIGH-LIGHTS AT KING'S

The dramatic and the romantic are mingled in the programmes being presented at the King's Theatre, Ramsgate, this week.

Bela Lugosi, the screen's number one bogey-man, has his best role in "The Devil Bat," which heads the bill to-day and to-morrow. George Bricker's story, which begins with an interesting study of injustice to a highly sensitive mind, allows Lugosi to use his entire bag of tricks, and a mighty full bag it turns out to be. The strong supporting cast includes Suzanne Kaaren, Dave O'Brien and Guy Usher.

A strong contrast, the supporting picture is "The Quarterback," a gay football frolic, with Wayne Morris, Virginia Dale and Lillian Cornell.

Owing to the length of the programme there will be two complete shows—at 2 p.m. and 6.30 p.m.—for the second half of the week.

Modern ideas about marriage are the theme of "Married—But Single," starring Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas. After five years' exile on a South American mining project Tice Collins returns to New York to marry Ann Winters, who believes that couples should be sure they can tolerate each other before they consummate marriage. Her belief is shaken by the subsequent developments which almost wreck their happiness.

Tuneful, hilarious and swift is Paramount's newest comedy concoction "You're the One," with Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker and Jerry Colonna, which will complete the programme.

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SCRATCHED FINGER

LEADS TO BUTCHER'S DEATH

At an inquest held by the Margate Deputy Coroner, Mr. J. H. Robinson, on Tuesday, it was stated that a scratched finger was a contributory cause to the death of Mr. Albert William Curling, of Homefield, Canterbury-road, Westgate.

A prominent resident of Westgate, where he held office as churchwarden, Mr. Curling, who was 62 years of age, scratched the ring finger of his right hand on a sharp piece of bone while handling meat at the butcher's shop of which he was the manager, on 10th July.

His son, Mr. Gordon A. Curling, of Station-road, Westgate, a member of Margate Fire Brigade, stated that the scratch was a minor one of which butchers did not take any notice. After a day or two, however, it became sore and slightly inflamed and his father went to a chemist who applied a first aid dressing. As the finger did not get better and the arm became inflamed, with a lump under the armpit, he went on 21st July to Dr. Bradley, who was deputising for Dr. Muir, and under treatment the finger improved, while the swelling in the arm went down. Then his face began to swell and he went to a dentist on 28th July to have a tooth extracted. He did not feel well afterwards, and went to see Dr. Muir on 4th August.

Witness said his father's health was reasonably good prior to the scratched finger, but afterwards it gradually deteriorated. On 7th August he went to bed and did not get up again.

Mr. Leonard Anderson Glaisby, dental surgeon, of Westgate Bay-avenue, Westgate, who extracted the tooth, said in reply to the Coroner, that he certainly thought the septic infection elsewhere had had the effect of making the abscess on the tooth flare up.

Dr. W. T. F. Muir, of Margate, said he came to the conclusion that deceased was in a run down condition, due to a toxic state, which was the result of absorbing poisons, firstly from the septic finger and then from the tooth socket.

Witness gave him a mouth wash and a mixture to help his general state of health, and saw him again three days later, when he did not feel much better. On 12th August witness found him in bed with acute bronchitis, superimposed on a toxic state of the heart muscles, known as toxic-myocarditis. The tooth socket and finger were in much the same state. Witness saw him twice a day, but his condition gradually deteriorated, and he died on Saturday morning. In his opinion the cause of death was heart failure, due to acute bronchitis with toxic-myocarditis.

Contributory Causes.

The Coroner: Is it your opinion that death was caused, or contributed to, or accelerated by the original finger infection, and/or by the infection of the tooth socket?

Witness: I would say contributed to, first by the septic infection of the finger, which I thought had an effect on the man's state of health. Then the infection of the tooth socket, which further affected his health to such an extent that his heart was affected, and he contracted acute bronchitis. That had an effect upon him out of all proportion to what bronchitis usually does. His heart was not in a fit state to stand acute bronchitis when it came along.

Accepting the doctor's view that both the septic finger and tooth socket contributed to deceased's death, the Coroner did not think anyone could say in what proportion either of them was the cause. The fact that an infected wound contributed to death made it necessary for him, he said, to record a verdict that death was accelerated by the accident, and that it was therefore accidental death.

The Coroner expressed his sympathy with the widow and son in their loss, and Inspr. Croucher associated himself with the expression on behalf of the police.

Mr. C. C. Maughan, who represented deceased's employers, joined in the expression of sympathy, and said Mr. Curling was a most faithful and hard-working churchwarden at the Parish Church. His loss would be severely felt in Westgate.

The funeral at Whitstable on Thursday was preceded by a service conducted by the Rev. N. L. Lycett at St. Saviour's Church, Westgate.

V FILMS

ODEON VICTORY WEEK

This week is "V for Victory" week at the Odeon Cinema, Ramsgate.

To-day and to-morrow "Victory" heads the bill and "Virginia" is the top-liner for the latter part of the week.

"Victory," the film version of Joseph Conrad's famous island tale, has a big cast including Frederic March, Betty Field and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Most of the action takes place on a lonely island where March takes Miss Field after rescuing her from the obnoxious attentions of an hotel-keeper on another island. Their love is put to the test when three sinister characters suddenly turn up on their island, in search of the fortune they believe March possesses, and ready to commit murder to get it.

"Night at Earl Carroll's," with Ken Murray and Lillian Cornell, is also being screened.

The magnificent love story of a beautiful rebel, "Virginia" brings to the screen Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray. Serving as background for the film's story, the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, and the graceful architecture of mansions designed by Thomas Jefferson, are made all the more impressive through the magic of technicolour. The story tells of the difficult decision a woman, born in Virginia and reared in the North, has to make when she falls in love with a Southerner, offering her only the hardships and traditions of plantation life and is also pursued by a wealthy and handsome Northerner.

The programme will also include "For Beauty's Sake," starring Ned Sparkes and Marjorie Weaver.

George Bernard Shaw's famous "Major Barbara" will be showing at the Odeon for the first four days of next week.

TOO MUCH TIME ON HIS HANDS

Adjourned for three months previously, the case against two Minster boys, aged 11 and 12, who were stated to have committed wilful damage to railings at Minster Recreation Ground, was again considered at Ramsgate county juvenile court on Tuesday.

At the earlier hearing two elder boys, aged 15 and 16, were each fined 7s. 6d. for a similar offence.

The Probation Officer (Mr. A. E. Bray) said one of the boys had been evacuated and everything in that case was satisfactory. The other boy was still at home and was attending school for a half-day each day. His mother was working on the land and the boy had too much time on his hands. It was a pity the boy's parents had not sent him to the reception area.

The case against the boys was dismissed.

IN THE WAKE OF THE NAZIS

Right—The occupants of this house, demolished during a recent raid on a south-east coast town, had taken refuge in a shelter earlier in the evening.

Below—Cars among the debris following a recent raid on a south-east coast town.

A LASTING INSPIRATION

THE LIFEBOATS AT DUNKIRK

HOW RAMSGATE AND MARGATE CREWS WON ENDURING FAME

The epic story of the part played at Dunkirk by the Ramsgate and Margate lifeboats is retold in an illustrated souvenir of the work of the lifeboat service during the first 18 months of war which has just been published by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

The illustrations include pictures of the two crews and their coxswains—Howard Primrose Knght, of Ramsgate, and Edward Drake Parker, of Margate—both of whom received the D.S.M. for their services.

The letterpress relates that the Ramsgate lifeboat was away for 40 hours and saved 2,800 men. She left with eight boats, mostly wherries, in tow, manned by sailors and loaded with cans of fresh water for the troops. Arriving at eight o'clock in the evening, the water was too shallow for her to go close in, and the lifeboat crew manned the wherries, which they rowed in through the surf.

"Shouting into the darkness," continues the narrative, "they found the officer in charge on the beach, landed the cans of water, and began the work of taking off the men. Eight were all that could be taken at one time on board each of the wherries. The wherries were then rowed out through the surf to the lifeboat. As she was loaded up (in a calm sea she can take 160 on board), she in her turn put out to the larger vessels lying further off in the darkness, and transferred the men to them. Then back to the waiting wherres, each with its load of eight men, and so on through the night to the accompaniment of falling shells and bombs.

Thank God For Such Men.

"The lifeboat brought off about 800 that night, and as she took on board the last three boatloads an officer called out to her 'I cannot see who you are. Are you a naval party?' He was answered 'No, sir. We are members of the crew of the Ramsgate lifeboat.' He then called out 'Thank you, and thank God for such men as you have this night proved yourselves to be.' That was the first night's work, the night of Thursday, 30th May."

After recording how two of the lifeboat crew were put aboard a large vessel which had engine trouble, the story continues:

"Then, with two men short, the lifeboat returned to her work of ferrying the troops from the shore to the ships. She went on with it all through the Friday and all through the Friday night until 1.30 on the Saturday morning. By that time she had taken off another 2,000 men, and all eight wherries had been sunk. There was no more that she could do, and she left Dunkirk at 1.30 on the Saturday morning. . . None of her crew was hurt, but she had been damaged in collisions with other boats.

"Next morning she was out again helping to bring ashore badly wounded soldiers from a vessel off Ramsgate harbour. Two nights later she went out again, in answer to flares, and searched until daybreak, when she found a small motor boat towing a rowing boat. They were barely making headway. Both were loaded with French soldiers from Dunkirk. There were 68 in all. Though none of them had any knowledge of the sea, they had managed to start up the engine of the motor boat and had got safely across, but for 22 hours they had been without food or water. The lifeboat took them on board and brought them in."

The Margate Flotilla.

Dealing with the part played by the Margate lifeboat which set out at 5.30 p.m. on 30th May, under Coxswain Parker, with a crew of 10 men, the book states:

"'They were provided,' as the Senior Naval Transport Officer at Margate wrote afterwards, 'only with tin helmets, and they left in the best of spirits.' The lifeboat went in company with a Dutch barge, with a naval officer in command, and various other vessels which had taken on board small boats from the Margate foreshore. This flotilla arrived on the other side at midnight."

The Margate boat reached the beaches near Nieuport. "There," continues the account, "the barge which was with her went aground, and the lifeboat, which was bumping on the sands herself, helped to get her off.

"Then, in the darkness, the coxswain could hear a voice calling from the shore. He took the lifeboat in as close as he could, and French soldiers waded out to her, up to their armpits. The lifeboatmen dragged them on board and the lifeboat took them to the barge. She went in again and brought off men of the Border Regiment. Again she went in and loaded up with troops until she was so hard on the sand that she had to wait for the tide to flow in order to get off.

"When this load of men had been safely put aboard the barge, day was breaking, and all along the sands, both ways, as far as the lifeboatmen could see, were troops waiting. Again the lifeboat went in and took off another heavy load of men. When she returned with them to the barge she was told to take them to a destroyer lying further out.

Drowned in Surf.

"Again and again she went in, loading up and returning to the destroyer, until her coxswain had lost all account of his journeys. It was very heavy work, he said, dragging aboard soaked and exhausted men; he was glad that he had brought two extra men in his crew but the work went on until the weather stopped it. The wind had now veered to the north-west and a nasty surf was breaking on the shore. A destroyer's whaler and a pinnace, which had been working with the lifeboat, had both been swamped. So far as the lifeboatmen could see along the sands there were no boats left afloat. Troops were still wading out to the lifeboat, but the surf was knocking them over. In their heavy equipment they struggled in vain to get up and were drowned close to the lifeboat which, in the shallow water, could not get to them. To remain longer, the coxswain felt, was to tempt the men to wade out, only to be drowned. It was then 8.30 in the morning of Friday, 31st May. The lifeboat made for home.

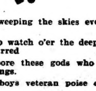
"On her way," the account goes on, "she fell in with a whaler which had 17 sailors of the fleet aboard her. They were all that remained of a party of 150 who had been working on the beaches for four days. The 17 men had found the whaler on the sand, without gear, and full of water.

"They had emptied her; picked up enough oars scattered on the beach; lashed them to the gunwales, for there were no rowlocks; and had put off in the hope of reaching, before daylight, one of the ships lying off the shore. But the on-shore wind had freshened, and when the lifeboat found them they were struggling desperately, scarcely able to make any way against it. She took them on board, set her course for Margate, and arrived there at three o'clock in the afternoon. She had then been out for over 21 hours. She had brought off the beaches about 600 men. She was damaged, but none of her crew had been hit.

"She was out again four days later, helping to pick up the survivors of a French warship, and then, in a dense fog, she was just in time to save a torpedo boat, loaded with troops from running on the rocks."

Inspiring Example.

That the work of the Margate and Ramsgate lifeboats was an outstanding example of the service is testified by the concluding paragraph in the book: "Cox. Howard Knight, of Ramsgate, and Cox. Edward Parker, of Margate, were both awarded by the King the Distinguished Service Medal for their 'gallantry and determination.' Let those words, already quoted from the commander of the destroyer Icarus, who saw the Margate men at work, be read again as the final tribute to the lifeboatmen at Dunkirk: 'The manner in which, with no thought of rest, they brought off load after load of soldiers, under continuous shelling, bombing and aerial machine-gun fire, will be an inspiration to us all as long as we live.'"



Vigilant eyes sweeping the skies ever on guard
Incessantly keep watch o'er the deep and o'er the scarred
Country that bore these gods who soar on silver wings.
To these slim boys veteran poise easily clings;
Odds may be great; they laugh at Fate, playing with Death.
Reckless they fly, streaking the sky. We catch our breath—
Youth takes the lead; each splendid deed victory brings.

D. A. A. Fleming.

BIGGER TARGETS

RAMSGATE SAVINGS PROGRESS

The Ramsgate summer National Savings Campaign is making good progress and a number of groups have already increased their targets.

The A.R.P. group, wishing to provide something in keeping with their humanitarian work, are aiming at £160 for an X-ray outfit.

Estate House have passed the sum necessary for two rifles and are now aiming at five, the cost of which is £35. Having reached £45, Deakin and Sons now hope to provide two bombs instead of one, and the Thanet Advertiser & Echo group are increasing their target from two to three rifles (£21). St. George's Women's Fellowship having reached their target are now out for a second parachute.

The Chilton group—the first of the newly-formed groups—now has over 40 members and the "V for Victory" group and the Margate-road group 35 each.

The Ramsgate A.F.S. group are holding a whist drive at the Lillian-road station to-day at 7 p.m.

The group secretaries are invited to meet the summer campaign organisers at the Savings Bureau, King-street, to-morrow, at 6.30 p.m.

GIFT TO CURATE

ST. PETER'S APPRECIATION

"As a mark of appreciation for his valued services to the parish during the difficult period he has been in sole charge," St. Peter's Parochial Church Council, on behalf of the people of the parish, have presented the Rev. R. D. d'E. Meredith with a cheque for £75.

The gift came as a complete surprise to Mr. Meredith, who wishes to express his thanks to the parishioners.

FAILED TO REPORT

FIRST FIRE-WATCHING PROSECUTION AT MARGATE

The first case for failing to carry out fire-watching duties was heard at Margate police court on Wednesday.

Walter Edwin John Camfield, of St. Benet's-road, Westgate, pleaded guilty to failing to comply with a direction given by the Fire Prevention Officer (Mr. E. Dixon) to do duty with Westgate No. 2 Group on the night of 6th August.

The Assistant Town Clerk (Mr. G. Simmonds) said on 12th June the Fire Prevention Officer instructed defendant to report for duty with Westgate No. 2 group, it being necessary on occasions to supplement the voluntary strength of groups with persons compulsorily enrolled, in order to ensure proper fire watching over the area, with special regard for the more densely built up areas and places where there were vacant properties.

There was some difficulty about defendant doing duty, and as a result he appealed to the Military Service Hardship Committee, the body authorised to hear appeals for exemption on the grounds of hardship. The appeal was heard on 24th July and notice was given that it had been dismissed.

The Fire Prevention Officer again instructed defendant to report for duty. He was given final notice that unless he reported for duty on the night of 6-7th August the matter would be taken further. Defendant failed to report, and in consequence other persons in the group had to take his turn of watching and bear the responsibility which was rightly his.

Watched His Own Premises.

Pointing out that the object of the powers was to ensure as much protection as possible for the risk areas, Mr. Simmons suggested that the case might be adjourned to see if defendant carried out his duty. There were letters indicating that he wanted to do fire watching at his own home. Such a course was open to suspicion for it might be that a person wanted to spend the whole night in bed instead of part of it on duty.

Defendant said his house was also his place of business. He took exception to the remark about people preferring to be in bed instead of fire watching. He watched his own premises. For 17 years he was a newsagent and now he was doing watch and clock repairs at his house. He had no objection to fire-watching, but if he went to watch elsewhere there would be no one watching his district. He might have someone's valuable watch at his house.

The Deputy Town Clerk said defendant was not liable to watch at his own premises.

Camfield said he was really working beyond his strength. He was up until half past twelve or one every night, and usually got up if a warning sounded. It was beyond his physical strength to do that and fire watching duty as well. He appealed on the grounds of hardship, not because he was physically unfit to do fire watching, but physically unfit to do fire watching in two places. The Corporation had not been able to provide any fire watching for his area, and he was practically the only person doing it there.

The magistrates adjourned the case for a fortnight to see whether defendant could come to any arrangement with Mr. Dixon, the fire prevention officer.

Defendant said he would like an assurance that someone would watch his property while he went to the other place.

ELEMENT OF DOUBT

Margate magistrates on Wednesday dismissed a summons brought against Mrs. Hannah E. Bray, of Hartsdown-road, Margate, alleging that she stole a packet of stuffing, value 4½d., the property of Messrs. F. W. Woolworth Ltd.

Guy Critchley, manager of the company's store in High-street, Margate, said he was standing near the grocery counter on Saturday morning when he saw defendant pick up a packet of stuffing and after waiting a few moments place it in her bag.

Mrs. Bray said she picked up the stuffing and handed the assistant 4½d. The assistant was a little rushed at the time.

The Mayor (Alderman G. P. Hoare) said as there was an element of doubt as to whether the article was paid for the case would be dismissed.

SECOND BIRTHDAY IN CAPTIVITY

Pte. Walter Chamberlain, The Buffs, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Chamberlain, of Bradstow-way, Broadstairs, has spent a second birthday as a prisoner of war in Germany.

The chief things of which he complains are the monotony and the fact that he cannot get strings either for his banjo or his shoes.

Pte. Chamberlain says parcels get through pretty regularly now and are much appreciated as the food rationing is getting very bad.

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MAJOR BARBARA

Miss Wendy Hiller—you most likely remember her as Pygmalion—in the title role of Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara," which will be the star attraction at the Odeon Cinema, Ramsgate, on Sunday and the following three days.

IN THE EVENT OF A BLITZ

HOW HOUSEWIVES CAN HELP

Further ways in which housewives can be of service in the event of a resumption of the blitz were outlined to the women of Ramsgate by Lady Hambro at a meeting of the W.V.S. and friends held at Clarendon House on Wednesday.

In the course of an informal talk Lady Hambro, introduced by the Mayoress, Mrs. A. B. C. Kempe, who presided, outlined the objects of the Housewife's Service.

Lady Hambro explained that the scheme included the enrolment as Housewives of women who were prepared during and after an air raid to take into their homes first simple casualties such as cases of hysterics, shock, bruises, cuts, fainting and slight tear gas. The Houswife must be ready to receive such casualties, preferably in her kitchen where hot water and tea would be at hand.

In connection with the first aid classes held for Housewives, Lady Hambro emphasised the importance of practising in the dark as raids mostly took place at night when lights could not be shown. She also explained the special duties of the Senior, District and Street Housewives in co-ordinating the service.

The Town Clerk, Mr. H. G. Curtis, supplemented the general outline with the useful suggestion that Ramsgate should be divided into wards for the purposes of organising the service and explained that volunteers taking in homeless people while other accommodation was found for them would be paid for providing sleeping accommodation and sanitary facilities at the rate of 5s. per week for an adult and 3s. for a child. He also suggested that a rota of volunteers should be compiled for service at the British Restaurants.

In connection with the activities of the Ramsgate W.V.S. ladies willing to undertake needlework for the homeless are asked to attend a meeting at Norland House, High-street, on Thursdays at 3 p.m.

In view of the proposed extension of British Restaurant facilities to cover the Ellington and Hereson districts volunteers urgently needed to act as helpers there as well as at St. George's School are asked to enrol with Mrs. Blinko at W.V.S. Headquarters, 14 Effingham-street.

Arm chairs are also wanted at the rest centres for those rendered homeless and offers should in the first instance be made to the Town Clerk, Clarendon House.

PRISONER'S POSTBAG

In a letter to his mother, who lives at Essex-road, Westgate, Pte. Eric Lovett, The Buffs, who is a prisoner of war in Germany, writes that he has received 28 letters in six days, as well as a new battle dress and a good pair of English boots.

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FREDRIC MARCH BETTY FIELD

in

VICTORY

Romance and adventure in Java Seas.
Showing: 2.15, 5.5, 8.0 (A)

— Also —

Ken Murray, Lillian Cornell

NIGHT AT EARL CARROLL'S

Showing: 3.40, 6.40 (U)

THURSDAY, Aug. 28th—For Three Days

MADELEINE CARROLL FRED MacMURRAY

in

VIRGINIA

Magnificent love story of a beautiful rebel.
In Technicolour
Showing: 1.45, 4.50, 8.0 (U)

— Also —

Marjorie Weaver, Ted North

FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE

Showing: 3.30, 6.40 (A)

TARGET FOR TO-NIGHT (U)
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To-day & To-morrow. Mats. 2, Cont. 6

BELA LUGOSI, SUZANNE KAAREN in

THE DEVIL BAT

With Dave O'Brien, Guy Usher
Showing at approx. 3.20, 6, 8.30 (A)

Also Wayne Morris, Virginia Dale, Lillian Cornell in

THE QUARTERBACK

With Edgar Kennedy, Jerome Cowan
Showing at approx. 2, 7.15 (U)

THURS., FRI., SAT.

PLEASE NOTE—Owing to length of programme, Two Complete Shows—2 and 6.30

ROSALIND RUSSELL, MELVYN DOUGLAS in

MARRIED BUT SINGLE

With Binnie Barnes, Allyn Joslyn, Gloria Dickson
Showing at approx. 3.30, 7.50 (A)

Also Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker, Jerry Colonna in

YOU'RE THE ONE

With Albert Dekker, Edward E. Horton
Showing at approx. 2, 6.30 (U)

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EARLY PLOUGHING

TO FILL THE NATION'S LARDER

Britain's corn crops have been the pride of the countryside this year. Nature's bounty has responded to the skill and toil of man. But the fine crops with which we have been blessed are no mere accident. They represent careful planning, patient attention and clever management; what we have been reaping now was conceived before the last harvest was gathered.

This planning is essential if the best results are to be obtained, for it makes possible the early ploughing and the early sowing that have such an important influence upon the success of the future crop. Many an acre that has delighted the eye this summer would not have been half so fine if the plough had not come into the field last season as the harvest waggons left it.

We cannot begin too soon to prepare for the harvest of 1942, which may be even more important than this year's. All land suitable for wheat must be cropped with wheat—even at the expense of other crops, although on dairy farms the needs of the cows must be provided for. Oats will be required not only for farm needs, but for human consumption and for horses in the towns and mines. Immediately therefore, the fields are cleared of corn, or, in southern districts, even as soon as the corn is stooked, the plough must be set to work again.

Most farmers have at least some stubbles fit for ploughing without prior cleaning operations, and these can be tackled first. Time is the essence of the matter, and every acre of land that can be sown in September must be sown in September. There will be plenty of time for sowing other land later, after the potatoes and the beet are up; with such land, well cultivated and in good heart, liberties can be taken and sowing carried out in November or even later.

Early cultivation gives the land its best chance to be cleaned of weeds and prepared for the next crop, and the sooner the seed can be got into the ground, the more quickly and strongly will it establish itself. This will be particularly helpful in resisting wireworm attack.

£100 A MONTH FROM SALVAGE

Employing only one extra man for the job, Margate Corporation derived £739 in revenue from salvage during the first seven months of this year.

Although less paper is now in general use the clean waste paper salvaged averages 15 tons a month. The residents of central Margate and Cliftonville set a good example in separating the paper, only 4 per cent. being thrown into the general dustbins in that area. Westbrook and Garlinge throw 26 per cent. into the bins. To discourage this waste, the Corporation dustmen are ready on request to leave sandbags as receptacles for waste paper and cartons.

Since last November six tons of old bottles have also been sent away, while ten tons of broken window glass have been sold, and there is another ten tons ready to go away.

The scheme introduced to collect pig food in bins placed at convenient corners in the borough, has met with success, 11 tons a month being produced up to June. The amount has since fallen for various reasons, among them being the loss of potato peelings when new potatoes became available.

TRADES COUNCIL CHAIRMAN

Mr. A. W. Cave, N.U.R., has been appointed chairman of the Isle of Thanet Trades Council in succession to Mr. F. W. Vousden, who has left Thanet to take up an appointment at Birkley.

Mr. T. W. Eden, G. and M.W.U., has been elected vice-chairman.

CHATHAM HOUSE HEAD

REPORTS ON SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

In a letter to the Editor of the THANET ADVERTISER & ECHO, the Rev. B. V. F. Brackenbury, headmaster of Chatham House School, who has returned to Stafford after a visit to Thanet, during which he met the parents of many of the boys, writes:

"I am sure our friends in Thanet will be glad to hear that our first year in evacuation has proved, in spite of difficulties, a most successful one. This success is due in no small measure to the co-operation and consideration of the various authorities in Stafford, to the headmaster of King Edward VI School, to all those who have befriended our boys in their temporary homes, and last but by no means least, to the willing help of the staff in undertaking many new duties.

"We were busy in July with examinations and await the results which we hope will be as good as usual, in spite of the difficulties under which we worked during our last two terms at Ramsgate.

"At the end of the summer term we held our school sports, and were only sorry that the usual large company of parents were unable to be with us. We had many local visitors who enjoyed a pleasant afternoon. There were several very good performances, and Thomas's was the winning house. Finally, term ended with a school dance at which there were some 200 in all who thoroughly enjoyed a most successful evening.

Less Than 3% Return.

"Our numbers have been very well maintained. In evacuation it is only natural that the entry of new boys should not be as great as when we are in Ramsgate. Nevertheless, a number have joined us, and more are due to come next month, when our total numbers should be approximately 400. A number of boys have, of course, left school to take up a variety of posts and to enter the Services, but, I am glad to say that less than three per cent. have left school prematurely and returned to Thanet against my advice. We have regretfully said goodbye to two members of the staff—Mr. Dolben, who has retired and Mr. Wall, who has taken up an important post elsewhere in Kent. We owe much to both of them, who have served the school for many years.

"All this and a good deal more I should have liked to have told parents at an annual prizegiving which would normally have been held this last July. Though this was impossible, we are proposing to hold an informal prizegiving at the end of October when I am afraid our guests will be few, but most welcome.

"We are all looking forward to our return home and to the renewal of our many activities in the old familiar surroundings."

Thanking all parents for their cooperation and inviting them to write to him if they need his advice, Mr. Brackenbury adds, "I know how hard it is for them to be separated from their sons, but I would remind them of the very great value to the boys of their continued education in a comparatively safe and very quiet area."

REBUILT HIS HOME

RAMSGATE MAN BEATS THE BOMB

Many notable stories have been told of the resolute determination with which the people of Ramsgate have overcome the havoc of the Nazi terror raids during the past year.

That spirit of indomitable resolution is again strikingly illustrated in the case of Mr. H. E. Goodbourn, who has built himself a new home out of the ruins of the old.

Early in the year Mr. Goodbourn's house was severely damaged by a bomb which made a direct hit on the house next door. Mr. Goodbourn and his family owed their escape to the fact that they were in a home-made concrete shelter in the garden at the time.

But the house looked beyond repair. Mr. Goodbourn, however, refused to accept the verdict.

Drawing up his own plans, he constructed a flat concrete roof, helped only by his ten-year-old son and occasional friendly aid.

Working only in his spare time, he rebuilt the walls and ceilings mostly at his own expense, and now—seven months after it was bombed—he is ready to return home with his wife and family.

COUNCIL OF READERS

WINTER AND THE TROOPS

Sir,—A few days ago I overheard a conversation in which those engaged were asking each other what they enjoyed most during these difficult times. One said "the joy of getting into bed" whereupon the other said "Oh I can beat that. My greatest joy is sinking into an easy chair and relaxing when tired out."

Well, whichever wins is not of much account. The point is that neither of these good things will come the way of the soldier in our isolated posts unless we can help them out. True we can do nothing about their mattresses on the floor, but can we not put a little comfort their way in their canteens or rest rooms in the shape of some chairs to sit upon and tables at which they can write their letters and maybe play their games?

I feel sure we can and that is why I ask your readers who are prepared to give, loan, or hire furniture of any kind, not forgetting a piano, to get into touch with me. Transport will be arranged, receipts for everything will be given, and where necessary an assurance from the Officer in Command as to the care of what may be offered and its ultimate return.

The coming winter is not going to be too easy for any of us even with a comfortable chair in which to relax. But without a chair, without a table, without a wireless, without any light other than a hurricane lamp, and without a piano for a sing-song, it is going to be much more difficult still. So may I ask your readers to have a look round, decide on the chair, table, settee, or piano they can do without, and then very kindly drop me a line. Already I have a number of demands, none of which I am in a position to meet.

H. H. C. BAIRD,
Captain,
Army Welfare Officer,
Sandwich Area,

The Little Cottage,
Ickham,
Near Canterbury.

Black-out To-day 8.31 p.m.—5.33 a.m.

SCHOOLING WELCOMED

PART-TIME EDUCATION IN THANET

Part-time schooling is now available for all children of school age throughout Thanet who are denied the advantage of the normal educational facilities provided in the reception areas.

At Ramsgate, where the system of home-service tuition began on Monday, the registers contain the names of 468 children.

The children attend for an hour each day and not more than 20 children are permitted in a class at any one time.

500 Children Attend at Margate.

The system of part-time education which began in Margate last week has been welcomed by parents for over 500 children—three-quarters of the total number of children of school age remaining in the borough—are attending the classes.

The majority of the children attend for one hour each day but owing to the small number of children in one or two schools it has been possible to increase their period of instruction to one and a half hours.

Two or three classrooms, widely separated to minimise risk in the event of air raids, are in use in each of five schools and not more than 15 children are permitted in one room at any one time.

Teachers who have been brought back from Staffordshire to operate the scheme are devoting their time chiefly to refreshing the children in the three Rs and setting them daily homework.

AIR RAID DISTRESS

THANET FLAG DAY COLLECTIONS

The flag day held at Ramsgate on Tuesday in aid of the Lord Mayor's National Air Raid Distress Fund realised £54 17s. 2d.

The collection was organised by the Vicar (Councillor the Rev. C. R. Farnsworth).

The collectors and the amounts collected were:

A.F.S., £1 10s. 3d.; A. F. S. (Mr. Pearson, Northwood), £1 4s. 3d.; Anon, £2 2s. 4d.; Mrs. Avery, £1 19s. 2d.; Miss Berry, £1 1s. 3d.; Mr. Britton, £1 19s. 7d.; Cavendish Baptist Church, per the Rev. Harcourt Samuel, £2 2s.; Clarendon House, 3s. 6d.; Miss Clutterbuck, 17s. 3d.; Dewhurst Ltd., 1s.; Miss Farnsworth, £2 9s.; Mr. Fernall, 16s. 8d.; Mrs. Fiddyment, £1 2s. 11d.; Miss French and Miss Glover, £1 3s. 1d.; Mr. Green, 8s. 1d.; Mr. Hind, 11s. 2d.; Miss Hoad, £1 10s.; Miss M. Howell, £1 16s.; Mr. Kelly, 7s.; Mrs. Kevan, 17s. 6d.; Miss Le Gallais, £2 14s. 8d.; Mrs. Locke, £2 10s. 8d.; Miss Merrick, £1 6s. 11d.; Miss Moyes, 8s. 1d.; Miss Robinson, £1 17s. 6d.; Miss Rose, £2 1s. 6d.; Mr. Alfred Saxby, £2 9s. 10d.; Mr. Arthur Saxby, 16s. 6d.; Mrs. Snapes, £1 17s. 9d.; Mrs. Spencer, £3 5s. 3d.; Mrs. Thom, £5 12s. 11d.; Mr. Ward, 18s. 6d.; Wesleyan Church, per the Rev. F. J. Bomford, £1; Miss Wilson, 8s. 11d.; Mr. Wing £2 5s. 2d.

The Margate Total.

At Margate the sum of £114 13s. 9d. was collected.

The sums was made up as follows: Pier Ward, £16 7s. 10d.; Marine Ward, £12 11s. 3d.; Cliftonville and Ethelbert Wards, £12 10s. 9d.; Park Ward, £6 5s. 6d.; Salmestone and Cecil Wards, £14 15s. 11d.; West North Ward, £3 15s. 6d.; West South Ward, £4 9s. 2d.; Birchington, £19 5s. 9d.; Westgate, £9 4s. 5d. A collection at the Regal Cinema amounted to £1 11s. 8d. and collections taken at the churches were St. John's Church, £2 13s. 7d.; the Methodist Churches in the district, £2 18s.; Holy Trinity Church, £3 2s. 5d.; the Salvation Army, 5s.; All Saints' Church, Birchington, £4 13s.; donations, 4s.

The collection at Minster and Monkton amounted to £15 3s. 2d. The collectors were Mrs. F. Worley £2 0s. 3½d., Mrs. O. Kingsland £1 15s. 6d., Miss M. Wellard £1 7s. 10½d., Mrs. E. Shersby £3 12s. 7½d., Mrs. A. Card £1 15s. 5½d., Mrs. F. Howard £1 11s. 11d., Miss M. Vousden £2 19s. 6½d.

WANTED BY TRAFFIC COPS

NO WHITE GLOVES FOR MAGISTRATE

As there were no cases, apart from two applications, at Ramsgate police court on Monday, the chairman (Mr. H. J. Perry) asked if he was to be presented with the customary pair of white gloves.

Chief Inspr. Butcher said he was sorry, but there was a shortage of white gloves at the present time and they were keeping those they had got for men on traffic duty.

Chief Inspr. Butcher said he was sure the magistrates were gratified at the absence of crime in the borough.

The chairman: Yes, we are very pleased.

HELPING THE CITIZEN

RAMSGATE SOCIAL SERVICE EXTENSION

Although it has carried out valuable work for several years past, it is felt that the facilities provided by the Ramsgate Council of Social Service are not sufficiently well known.

In order to publicise and extend the scope of the work, three new members have been appointed to the committee. They are Mr. W. W. Wetherill and Mr. L. Hogbin (representing Ramsgate Rotary Club) and Mr. S. H. Winter.

The Council of Social Service is responsible for the Citizens' Advice Bureau, which is conducted by Mr. Sydney W. Smith at the Public Library on Friday afternoons from 3 to 5.

DAMAGES FOR CYCLIST

At the August sitting of Deal County Court His Honour Judge Clements awarded £100 general damages and £42 10s. special damages to Frank William Ansell, a Margate Corporation employee, of Bath-road, who was knocked off his bicycle and injured by the trailer of a car belonging to Alfred S. Goldup, fruit farmer, of Cop-street Farm, Ash, on 5th July, 1940.

The accident occurred at the junction of Edgar-road and Northdown-road, Margate, when defendant's car, driven by Hugh Swinford, emerged from behind a stationary bus which appeared to be waiting for plaintiff and another cyclist to go by.

The sum of £42 10s., representing loss of wages was agreed and the judge said he thought that, although there had been a great deal of vagueness in the case, substantial justice would be done if he awarded a further £100.

"By helping the Russians we are helping ourselves, and to help them we must have the tools, so pound, pound, pound the enemy with pounds, pounds, pounds." —Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Minister of Aircraft Production.

TO GERMANY AND BACK

ANOTHER TALE OF "TAIL END CHARLIE"

The bombers are loaded and ready to go. The grass shows silver behind them, blown flat by the hurrying slipstream. The engines' roar transcends everything except the sharp rut-tut-tut of airgunners testing their guns. But we of the aircrews are intent on quite different sounds. To us that deep roaring is constant. We have known it for so many nights as accompaniment to adventure. Now voices sound loud in our earphones. Our call sign repeats and repeats. We are asking permission to leave. Our captain is speaking to us. Are we all ready to go?

The aircraft roars over the ground, takes off and circles the station. It is still daylight and will be for a while. Fields, grey, green and yellow, shine in warm sunshine. A river, the town where we go to amuse ourselves on evenings of no operations. Another bomber or two drift along in our wake and abeam.

The coast with its white line of surf, our silhouette crossing the sand. The "kite" jumps a little in passing, as if it too felt that here is goodbye to the homeland. At the end of several hours we shall see it again. Just now we are going to war.

The aircraft is rising over the sea. White vapour drifts round us. We are suddenly flying blind in the chill, pressing heart of a cloud. Then, a white, fleecy blanket beneath and the clear sky above us once more. But we leave the sun with our England. The evening grows dimmer, and colder. Stars take their place in our sky. It is not quite dark; there is still a long yellow belt of light. We know we show black against this and good watch must be kept for the foe flying in from the east.

The cloud banks end. Two or three tiny lights are flashing below. They are ships and we keep on our way. It is too dark for identification, and small ships sometimes carry big guns.

Searching Lights.

Now we see what we have been expecting. Ahead, on our course, long straight fingers of light are feeling about in the sky; searchlights waiting for us.

Suddenly up from their midst there shoots a small, bright silver star. It flickers about in the sky. Another one comes up to join it. The searchlights have fastened together. We bear a point or two northward.

Below us are islands and lakes, dimly discerned in the starlight. For some time we drive on through quiet darkness; once only we see long, dim rows of lamps far below us—an aerodrome's flarepath. Then a bright light shoots past us ahead.

"What's that?"

"One of their fighters. He's missed us. I guess, we'll keep going all the same."

Now, a little to port, a great glow lights up the sky. There seem to be an infinite number of searchlights, and among them are flickers and flashes with bright lights slowly descending.

"Oh boy, there's the target," the young "Second Dickie" sighs gently, "and aren't they busy to-night!"

Straight for that welter we steer. A cold blue beam from a frigid malevolent eye reaches up and lays hold on our aircraft. Another, then three more. We twist and turn. There are sudden flashes; the guns are blazing. Slow, lazy strings of red balls swing up and pass by us to starboard. A bang, flame, puffs of black smoke hanging dense in the searchlights' white glow.

"Heavy stuff, that!" somebody mutters.

Flares float to earth all round us, joined by our own. We are making our "bomb run" now, flying in towards a fire that flares in a deep semicircle. Light flak comes unpleasantly close. The target shows plainly below. A river leads to it, a park, huge buildings, tall chimneys, smoke belching. Something suddenly happens down there. Five flashes, a cloud, a great, red, mounting explosion.

"Nice work!" shouts someone and we turn away, heading for home.

What do we see on the way? Does it matter now? We've done what we set out to do. Daylight reveals a hole or two in our port wing.

The wireless reports: "Last night heavy damage was done by aircraft of Bomber Command to a munitions works in West Germany."

NEWS OF THOSE ON SERVICE

Readers are invited to send to The Editor, "Advertiser & Echo," with a view to publication, details concerning Thanet men serving with H.M. Forces who become war casualties, and concerning whom official information has been received from the appropriate Service Department.

News of decorations awarded, promotions and other items of similar interest will be particularly welcomed.

The Editor also welcomes the submission of photographs, which will be published free of charge to relatives.

The "Advertiser & Echo" is pleased to undertake this service on behalf of the many Thanet people evacuated to other parts of the country, whom their local newspaper keeps in touch with their friends and events at home.

FOOD PROBLEMS?

LET OXO HELP YOU —with a Scientific Kitchen Hint

IT IS NOT THE AMOUNT YOU EAT—BUT THE FOOD YOU DIGEST THAT MATTERS

FOR FOOD TO BE DIGESTED IT MUST BE TASTY

*OXO MAKES IT BEEFY

THE MEAT SUPPLIER

DEATH OF MR. E. W. ATTWELL

His many friends have learned with the deepest regret of the death at Tunbridge Wells of Mr. Ernest William Attwell, of Arcadia, Park-road, Ramsgate.

Mr. Attwell, who was 57 years of age, had been unwell for some time past but the news of his death came as a shock to those associated with him in business or social life.

A member of a well-known Ramsgate family, Mr. Attwell attended Christ Church School and after serving his apprenticeship to the butchery trade, joined the staff of Messrs. Swift and Co., wholesale meat importers, at their Ramsgate branch in Belmont-street.

Mr. Attwell served the firm for over 30 years, being appointed manager of the branch shortly before the last war. He was in charge of the town's meat supplies during the last war and when this war began was appointed Ramsgate depot manager for the South-Eastern Wholesale Meat Supply Association, which is responsible under the direction of the Ministry of Food for meat supplies for the area.

After his house had been severely damaged by enemy action a year ago, Mr. Attwell was appointed as the association's depot manager at Tunbridge Wells.

Mr. Attwell was known throughout the district as a bowls player. He was a member of the St. Lawrence Bowling Club and had had the honour of representing his county.

A Past Master of the Royal Navy Lodge of Freemasons (No. 429), Mr. Attwell had also held office as secretary of the lodge and was awarded provincial honours as P.P.J.G.D. for Kent in 1936.

Mr. Attwell was also a Past President of the Ramsgate Cycling and Motoring Club.

A man of great personal charm, Mr. Attwell was the personification of cheerfulness and his good humour and even temperament made him the best of companions.

The deepest sympathy will be extended to his widow, son and daughter.

The funeral took place at Tunbridge Wells on Friday, the mourners including the widow, son and daughter, Mr. Arthur Attwell (brother) and Alderman T. W. Mockridge, representing Ramsgate Cycling and Motoring Club.

WARSHIP WEEKS

AUTUMN SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

Organised by the National Savings Committee, Warship Weeks, beginning on 18th October and ending on 28th March next, will follow the summer war savings drive.

The scheme is outlined in a letter which Lord Kindersley, President of the National Savings Committee, and Lord Mottistone have sent to local war savings committees. This early intimation is made solely in order that savings workers can prepare their plans. It is not intended in any way to take the place of the groups savings drive which is now in full swing and is of vital importance.

Each local committee is asked to select a week in which to raise, through investment or deposit in all types of war savings a sum which represents the cost of building one of His Majesty's ships, ranging from the smallest vessels of the Royal Navy to a battleship.

The achievement of the area objective will be commemorated by a replica of the ship's badge to be presented by the Admiralty for permanent exhibition in the Town Hall together with a history of the ship's name. In addition, it is hoped that a plaque will be mounted on the quarterdeck of the ship to commemorate the association between the area and the ship.

It has been decided on this occasion to organise the campaign in such a way as to stimulate inter-county competition in addition to rivalry between individual towns and districts.

RAMSGATE

Estimates for Removal or Storage.—Hardings, 3 Staffordshire-street, Turner-street, Ramsgate.

When you are passing 47 Queen Street—pause, and just look in the window. The goods are very attractive and there may be the very thing you want. Apply at Prosser and Newbery, 48 Queen-street, Ramsgate.

Whist Drives.—Whist Drives in aid of the Mayor of Ramsgate's Troops Comforts Fund are held at Clarendon House Gymnasium every Thursday at 7 p.m. Tickets 1s. Come and spend a pleasant evening in a pleasant hall.

Invitation Dance.—Ramsgate magistrates on Monday granted the application of Mr. W. G. Love for an occasional license to sell intoxicating liquor at the West Cliff Theatre from 7 p.m. until 10.45 p.m. on 1st September on the occasion of an invitation dance.

Anchor Day.—Organised by the British Sailors' Society, an Anchor Day collection is to be made in Ramsgate on Saturday next. A hundred voluntary collectors are wanted and volunteers should apply at Clarendon House on Friday next between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. and 2.30 p.m. and 5 p.m. for supplies.

Mayor's Fund Ball.—The Mayor of Ramsgate (Alderman A. B. C. Kempe) is organising a ball in aid of his Troops' Comforts Fund to be held at the West Cliff Theatre on Thursday, 12th September. On the application of Mr. R. J. Costerton the borough magistrates on Monday granted an extension of the music and dancing license until 1 a.m. and on the application of Mr. W. G. Love granted an occasional license to sell intoxicating liquor from 7.30 p.m. until 12.30 a.m.

MARGATE GUNNER MISSING

Last heard of by his family when he went to the Middle East, Gnr. F. W. Sullivan, R.A., aged 20, formerly of 20 Addiscombe-gardens, Margate, is reported missing since July. He was attached to the Territorial Army before the war.

BROADSTAIRS

Y.M.C.A. Flag Day.—Organised by Mrs. B. J. Pearson, the flag day in aid of the Y.M.C.A., held at Broadstairs, realised £23.

Helping the War.—Although it was formed only last month St. Andrew's National Savings Group, Reading Street, has already saved the sum of £4.

In a Middle East Hospital.—Mr. and Mrs. E. Hudson, of Reculver-cottages, Birchington, have heard that their son, Sapper Thomas Hudson, R.E., is in a Middle East hospital suffering from shock. It was the first news they have had of their son for some months.

We fight for the day...

WHEN THESE CAN BE FORGOTTEN!

During these eventful days Rediffusion Services are playing an important part in Civil Defence, and Rediffusion factories—at home and in Canada—are engaged upon work of vital importance.

Owing to restricted supplies of materials and labour we cannot extend the service to many people who have applied for it. We are sorry, but such things are beyond our control.

In certain areas of the town, however, it may be possible to connect subscribers. It is, therefore, always worth while to make enquiries at the local Rediffusion showroom. When ration books, identity cards, etc., are no longer necessary, Rediffusion will once more be available to all. The boon of its direct wire connection with the B.B.C. studios, its simplicity and reliability, will be at your service.

REDIFFUSION

NEWS AND ENTERTAINMENT BY PRIVATE WIRE

Those not familiar with Rediffusion methods will be interested to know that subscribers have only a switch and loudspeaker. They do not have to worry about valves, batteries or apparatus of any kind. They are connected by private wire to Rediffusion control, and, in most cases, to the studios of the B.B.C. The fading and distortion of reception over the air is eliminated.

ISLE OF THANET
BROADCAST RELAY SERVICE LIMITED
Relay House, Westwood, Margate.
(Tel. Ramsgate 898/9).
Also at 96, High Street, Ramsgate.
123, High Street, Margate.

BOOK REVIEW.

THE LIFE OF A QUEEN

In spite of the world upheaval, perhaps because of it, intimate peeps into royal lives still interest the majority of us. When a Queen is also a beautiful woman, a well-known poetess, an accomplished musician and is surrounded by a romantic background the appeal is irresistible.

In "Carmen Sylva," published by Thornton Butterworth at 12s. 6d., Elizabeth Burgoyne gives a glowing account of the life of Elisabeth, first queen of Roumania, whose disciplinarian German upbringing—she was the daughter of Prince Hermann of Wied—never stifled her originality of thought, love of adventure and passionate emotions.

When she married young Prince Karls, who was to become Roumania's first king, her enthusiasm for reforms and her love for her new country won her all hearts, but a great sorrow—the loss of her only child, Princess Marie, who was the greatest joy of her life—caused her to become introspective and her only solace was to translate Roumanian poetry and even compose a great many original poems under her pen name of Carmen Sylva.

Nevertheless Queen Elisabeth became practical enough when she took up nursing and devoted all her time to tending the wounded during the Russo-Roumanian-Turkish war in 1877. Her people came to think of her as the "Mother of the Wounded" and she endowed, with the earnings from her writings and her artistic illumination of missals, a home for the blind and a rest home for destitute people. Although more often ill than in good health, and in spite of the unhealing wound in her heart through being childless, she left a memory of a vivid personality, untiring effort, great kindness and courage.

Elizabeth Burgoyne has given a very comprehensive study of a complex character, "Carmen Sylva" is obviously a labour of love and her painstaking efforts in collecting data show a laudable desire for accuracy.

It is curious to reflect that although they were unrelated the second Queen, Marie, should also have been a successful authoress and every whit as beautiful and romantic as her predecessor.

S.F.

SCHOOL POSTERS AT ACADEMY

The Queen wrote to Lord Mottistone, chairman of the National Savings Committee, saying that she was much interested in the Schools' Poster exhibition which opened at the Royal Academy on Saturday and hoped it would be crowned with every success.

Sir Edwin L. Lutyens, President of the Royal Academy, opening the exhibition, praised the high standard of the work. "The young people who have entered these posters may well be proud," he said, "so may those who have so ably trained them. I understand there is a strong entry from our badly blitzed cities—fine evidence of the sturdy spirit of the younger generation."

There are 1,500 posters on view—the pick of at least 50,000 produced by school children who entered the competition promoted by the National Savings Committee, and the public are voting to decide which are the best.

The exhibition remains open until Sunday.

SAVINGS PAIRS WINNERS

The National Savings Certificate bowls pairs competition at the St. Lawrence Cliffs green, Ramsgate, last week, was won by Messrs. C. Woodhams and B. E. Bushell.

Mr. Bushell, this time partnered by Mr. A. T. Brown, won a similar competition held later in the week.

On Monday the competition winners were Messrs. C. Woodhams and J. B. Sharman.

A further competition will be held on Thursday evening.

On Saturday Ramsgate B.C. will entertain Chislet.

BETTER THAN BOMBS

MAYOR'S ANNIVERSARY CONCERT

The Mayor of Ramsgate, Alderman A. B. C. Kempe, celebrated the first anniversary of his escape unharmed from a bombed municipal building by acting as compere at another concert given by the Troopers at the West Cliff Theatre on Sunday in aid of his Services Comforts Fund.

The concert was opened and finished by Reg Taney with popular pianoforte and accordion solos. Sid Browning—who did not appear at the previous concert—scored heavily as a comedian, and his rendering of "Old Man River" delighted the audience.

The Mayor, who again appeared as a bookmaker in his own sketch, "A Sporting Afternoon," also rendered two comedy numbers and provided light entertainment during the different scenes.

Hilda—Ramsgate's oomph girl—met with the full approval of those present, as also did Dick and Winnie Martell. There were songs by Jack Yorath, Gloria Knight, Gwen Martell, Jack Heritage and Diane Maxted; monologues by Jim Cooper, specialities by Babs, Beryl and Dawn, and Mary Richards, very confident in her role as Shirley Temple, was again a big success.

The star turn of the evening was the hot rhythm music provided by the Q dance band, who received a big hand for their excellent performance.

Births, Marriages, Deaths

BIRTHS

Aust.—14th August, at 20 Flora-road, Ramsgate, the wife of Dvr. R. A. Aust, R.A.O.C., of a daughter.

Clark.—17th August, at Woking, the wife of Jack Clark, of 30 Grove-road, Ramsgate, of a son.

Culver.—16th August, at Orange Grove Nursing Home, Wells, to Charles and Vyvienne Culver (née Gray), a son (Roger).

MARRIAGES

James—Siggers.—16th August, at Erlestoke Church, Wilts, John Emlyn James, of St. John's Wood, London, to Lois Helen Siggers, of Cliftonville.

DEATHS

Attwell.—19th August, at 59 Wilman-road, Tunbridge Wells, Ernest William Attwell, late of Ramsgate, aged 57 years.

Beake.—9th August, Edith Beake, of 12 Essex-road, Westgate, aged 61 years.

Curling.—16th August, Albert William Curling, of Homefield, Canterbury-road, Westgate, aged 62 years.

Hopper.—16th August, Alfred Ernest Hopper, of 8 Ethelbert-gardens, Margate, aged 63 years.

Lampard.—16th August, at Parbrook House, Parbrook, Glastonbury, Somerset, Frances Louisa Lampard, aged 85 years.

McLeod.—15th August, suddenly, at Ramsgate, Robert Edward McLeod, of 28 Bush-avenue, Ramsgate, aged 63.

Sinclair.—15th August, at Leatherhead Hospital, Albert Sinclair, late of Ramsgate.

Wells.—17th August, at 21 Dane Hill-row, Margate, Henry James Wells, aged 72 years.

RETURN THANKS

Mrs. McLeod and family wish to thank all friends and relatives for kind sympathy and floral tributes sent in their sad and sudden bereavement.

IN MEMORIAM

Emmerson.—In affectionate remembrance of my dear husband, Walter Emmerson, who was called home 26th August, 1938. Time hastens on and leaves a memory tinged with gold.

—From his wife and relatives at Nunnery Fields, also friends at Wye.

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